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JUNO ON A JOURNEY





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Frontispiece.

JUNG ON A JOURNEY

JACOB ABLOH

NEW EDITION

London
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
25, PATERNOSTER ROW

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BY

JACOB ABBOTT

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JUNO ON A JOURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

AN AGREEMENT MADE.



THOSE who have read the previous stories of this series will remember that Juno was a coloured girl; but she was a very nice girl for all that. Georgie liked her very much indeed.

One spring-time in the month of May, Georgie set out with Juno to take a journey. The evening before they were to set out, after Georgie had undressed himself and got into his bed, his father went into his room to talk with him a little while and tell him a story, before he went to sleep. This was, in fact, his usual custom.

‘Now, Georgie, before you set out on this journey, I wish to make a bargain with you about two things.’

‘Well,’ said Georgie, ‘I like to make bargains. What are the two things?’

‘You are going to be under Juno’s charge alone for six long weeks, with nobody else to help

you, or to take care of you. And in order that everything may go smoothly and well, I want you to agree to two things.'

'Well,' said Georgie, 'I agree to them. What are they?'

'The first is that you will not depend on your own strength to make this journey, but will be content to be carried by other strength than your own.'

'I don't know exactly what you mean,' said Georgie, 'but I am willing to agree to it, whatever it means.'

'It means this,' said his father, 'that in going about from place to place, in the course of this journey, you will not insist on going by yourself, depending on your own strength, but will be willing to be taken in the cars, or in the carriages—that is, will be willing to be conveyed by other strength than your own.'

'Why, father!' said Georgie, surprised. 'How could I go by my own strength?'

'I did not know but that you might possibly think you could walk,' said his father gravely.

'Why, father!' said Georgie, still more surprised. 'I could not possibly walk such long distances.'

'But people do walk as far as that,' said his father;—'men do.'

'But I am not a man,' said Georgie.

‘What difference does that make?’ asked his father.

‘Why, I am not big enough, nor strong enough,’ said Georgie.

‘That is, you mean you are not full-grown yet, and your strength is not fully developed,’ said his father.

‘Of course not,’ said Georgie, sitting up suddenly in his bed. He was, in fact, quite surprised that his father should imagine such a thing as his wishing to walk on his journey, instead of riding in the cars.

Juno listened all the time to this conversation very attentively. She knew that Georgie’s father had some covert meaning in his mind, and she was waiting, curious to know what it was.

‘So you agree,’ continued Georgie’s father, ‘that your strength is not yet mature, and that you will not rely upon it during your journey; but will be content to be conveyed by the force which I shall provide for you.’

‘That *you* will provide for me?’ said Georgie. ‘You are not going with me, father?’

‘No, but I shall provide the force which is to convey you,’ replied his father, ‘by giving Juno the money to pay for your tickets and fares.’

‘Oh, yes!’ said Georgie. ‘So you will. I agree to the first bargain; and now what is the second? You said there were two.’

‘The first,’ replied his father, ‘was about strength. The second is about judgment and reason. I wish you to agree that you won’t insist upon going by your own judgment and reason, any more than by your own strength.’

Here the semblance of a faint smile was seen diffusing itself over Juno’s face. She began to understand what Georgie’s father was coming to.

‘My judgment?’ asked Georgie.

‘Yes,’ rejoined his father. ‘You thought that your strength was not yet fully developed. Do you think your reason is,—any more than your strength?’

‘Why, no, sir,’ replied Georgie, though he spoke with some hesitation. ‘I suppose it is not.’

Georgie spoke with some hesitation, and this was not surprising; for most boys, though they feel very sensibly that they are not as large and strong as grown people are, very often seem to think that they are quite as wise.

‘I am going to provide wisdom for you as well as strength, for this journey,’ continued his father. ‘Juno’s wisdom and the locomotive’s strength; and what I wish you to agree to is, that you will be content in both cases, and not insist on substituting either your own strength, or your own wisdom, in the place of theirs.’

Georgie laughed, and said he would agree to the

bargain, though he had not, after all, a very full comprehension of what it implied.

‘And now for the story, father,’ he continued. ‘You are to tell me a story. And let it be a good long one, for it is the last.’

‘Very well,’ said his father. ‘Now for the story.’ ‘Once upon a time the Emperor Napoleon—it was the first emperor, I mean—was going up a mountain on foot, with a little party of ladies and gentlemen belonging to his court.’

‘Do emperors go up mountains on foot?’ asked Georgie.

‘Oh, yes,’ replied his father, ‘they make little pleasure-excursions sometimes, just like other people.’

‘By-and-by at a narrow place in the road,’ continued his father, ‘they saw before them a poor woman coming in the path, with a heavy burden in a basket on her head. In the mountains the peasants have to *carry* things up and down, for carts cannot go. They have large baskets made to fit to their backs, and have them strapped on. They can carry things much more easily in these baskets than in their arms.’

‘I should like to see one of them,’ said Georgie.

‘One of the ladies who was with the emperor at this time,’ continued his father, ‘and who was walking on a little before the rest, called out to the

woman to turn out to one side, and make room for the emperor.

‘But the emperor said to the lady, “Ah, no! let us respect the burden, madam.” And he called out to the peasant woman to walk straight on, in the path.

‘Then he turned out, himself, among the rough rocks, and the others of the party followed him, and so let the burdened woman go by in the path.’

Here Georgie’s father paused.

‘Is that all?’ asked Georgie.

‘Yes,’ said his father, ‘that is the end.’

‘It is not a very long story,’ said Georgie, ‘though it is good, what there is of it.’

‘True,’ said his father. ‘The story is rather short, but there is a great deal in it, notwithstanding. If you think of it now and then during your journey, you will find that there is a good deal of meaning in it.’

Georgie’s father looked only at his boy all the time that he was telling this story, though he knew that Juno was listening to it, and he really had her in his mind as much as he did Georgie in relating it. He felt quite sure that she would remember it, and would make good use of it when the proper occasion should arrive.

After this he heard Georgie say his prayer, and then went away, and Georgie went to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE CAR.



GEORGIE and Juno went in good season to the station, so as to get a good seat. Georgie's father went with them.

'Father,' said Georgie, 'you need not go with us. *I* can buy the tickets.'

'Yes,' replied his father, 'I know you can; and I shall not interfere. I suppose you have no objection to my standing by and looking on.'

Georgie had no objection to this, and so his father went with them to the station.

Georgie, who had previously been provided with a 'portmoney,' as he called it, and thus had funds at his command, paid the driver of the coach, and then went in and bought the tickets. Then they all went into the car, and Georgie chose a good seat in the middle of the first car. If he had not made a good choice his father or Juno would probably have suggested a change, but it was wise to let him see first what he could do, as it exercised, and so trained and strengthened, his judgment. It was Juno's custom, in accordance with this principle,

always to let Georgie do as much as possible for himself, when journeying with him, and, indeed, on all other occasions.

Georgie's father, when he saw them comfortably established in their seat, bade them good-bye, and went away.

'Juno,' said Georgie, 'may I turn over this seat before us. Then we shall have more room.'

'Yes,' said Juno, 'for a few minutes.'

'Why not all the time?' asked Georgie.

'Because when the car begins to get full it will be needed for other persons,' said Juno.

'But suppose the car should not get full at all,' replied Georgie.

'Then we can keep it turned all the time,' said Juno. 'But we ought to put it back as soon as the car *begins* to fill up, so as to give the people that come in their free choice of all the vacant seats. That is their right.'

A person less sensible than Juno would have objected to Georgie's turning the seat, on the ground that it would be useless trouble: for it was very certain that it would have to be soon turned back again. But the fact that it would have to be soon turned back was an advantage, rather than a disadvantage, in respect to its making more work for Georgie. For boys like him are always the better pleased on such journeys, the more they have to do.

Indeed the object for which Georgie was going to take this journey with Juno was to improve his health, and make him more strong and robust in constitution. Now for a child to have to sit still for many long hours in a car, as they are often required to do, greatly interferes with the benefit that they would otherwise derive from the journey. The sitting still, which is very natural, and comparatively easy, for grown persons, is extremely unnatural and irksome to them, since the state of the system at that age requires almost incessant action for its full and healthy development.

Juno understood this very well, though she would have found it very difficult to express it in words. Her native good sense had taught it to her, though her literary education was not sufficiently advanced to enable her rightly to express the idea.

So when Georgie asked to be allowed to turn the seat, she at once acquiesced. It was rather hard for him to do it, but Juno let him work at it himself, without attempting to help him. If she had offered to help him, he would very likely have said, 'No, don't help me; but let me do it all myself.'

After Georgie had got the seat turned he sat still for a moment, and then asked if he might open the window.

'You can try,' said Juno.

So Juno sat still and let him try. Georgie

fumbled a long time at the mysterious-looking knobs which seemed to belong to the catch by which it was fastened, and tugged at the window, but he could not move it.

‘It won’t open,’ said he, at length, sinking back in his seat, and giving up the attempt.

‘Never mind,’ said Juno, ‘you had the pleasure of trying. And now you have the pleasure of resting after the trial, two pleasures instead of one.’

‘What’s the reason that these car-windows never will open,’ asked Georgie.

‘I’m sure I don’t know,’ said Juno.

‘And when you get them open,’ said Georgie, ‘then they won’t shut.’

‘That’s a fact,’ said Juno ; ‘and for my part, I never try either to open or shut them,—not if I can possibly help it. But I have no objection to your trying as often as you like.’

‘I don’t see why they can’t make windows to open and shut easily,’ said Georgie.

‘Neither do I,’ rejoined Juno.

It is not at all strange that Juno and Georgie did not understand this. It is hard to say, in fact, which is most surprising, to observe on the one hand, what great and seemingly difficult objects human ingenuity can effectually accomplish, or, on the other hand, what small and insignificant ones are able to thwart and baffle all its efforts :—in

other words, which we are to consider most wonderful, its successes or its failures. It can take a thousand men and transport them in one mass, by the force of machinery, across the country at the rate of forty miles an hour, and faster still, if necessary; but it cannot contrive a window, eighteen inches square, which shall be tight enough to keep out wind and water, and yet shall open and shut easily and well. It can extirpate the lions, tigers, and wolves from a whole continent; but it cannot exclude the mosquitoes from a single village. It can build fortresses that can repel fleets of iron-clad ships, throw monstrous balls and bombshells for miles, but it cannot keep out the dust from a single car or carriage.

But to return to Juno and Georgie. The car soon began gradually to be filled up. Juno and Georgie amused themselves by observing the different groups of people as they came in. Presently two young ladies came in together, bringing bags and parcels in their hands. One of them, pointing to a seat, said to the other, 'There, Julia, you take that seat, and I will take this one, the next but one behind it; and then we can both have a seat next the window, and turn the seats before us.'

So they each took a seat by a window, and turned the seats before them, putting their bags and parcels in the vacant places which were thus made. In this way, although they had each paid

for but one place, they occupied, between them, eight places. This would have been all very well if the car was not to be full, so that there would have been plenty of seats for all the others.

In the mean time people continued to come in, until at length more than half the seats were occupied.

‘Now, Georgie,’ said Juno, ‘it is time to turn back this seat.’

‘But, Juno,’ said Georgie, remonstrating, ‘there are plenty of vacant seats yet.’

‘True,’ said Juno, ‘but people are beginning to look about a little for choice, and we ought to leave them free to take these seats before us, if they wish. We must not be selfish.’

Georgie turned the back of the seat over into its former place again, and then sat down.

‘There are two girls out there,’ said Georgie, ‘that have each taken a seat and turned over the one before them, so that the people that come in can’t have them;—not without making a fuss.’

‘Yes,’ said Juno, ‘but I don’t think it is fair.’

‘Neither do I,’ said Georgie.

In the mean time, as the moment drew nigh for the starting of the train, people came in faster and faster, until nearly all the seats were occupied—some by passengers themselves, who had a right to them,—and some by the cloaks and parcels that

were put into them by passengers who had no right to them for such a purpose, to the exclusion of other passengers coming in, who had no seats at all.

Presently two elderly ladies came in together, and wished for seats. They passed slowly along, and as they went by the seats which the young ladies had taken possession of, they looked wistfully at them,—but the young ladies appeared to take no notice of their desire. One of them pretended to be reading a paper, and the other looked out of the window. They had in the mean time spread out their parcels and their cloaks and shawls, so as to occupy all the seats as fully as possible, and to make it disagreeable for any person of modest and delicate sensibilities to claim them.

There were two young gentlemen nearly opposite to the seat which these young ladies occupied, and one of them, observing the embarrassment of the elderly ladies, and seeing that there were no other vacant seats in the car, said to the other,—

‘James, let us give these ladies our seats. We can get another in the next car.’

So they rose and offered the ladies their seat. The ladies were at first quite unwilling to take it, but not knowing what else they could do, they accepted it at length, and seemed to be very grateful. The young men went away down the aisle, to get into the next car. As they were passing across

from one platform to the other, one of them said to the other,—

‘Did you see those two girls opposite to us that had taken possession of four seats apiece, and would not budge when they saw other people coming that had no seats at all?’

‘Yes,’ said James, ‘I saw them.’

‘Well, thank your stars that you are not going to have either of them for your wife.’

James laughed.

‘Why did not you make them move?’ he said. ‘You are not generally very bashful. Why did not you make them move, and give us seats by the side of them, instead of coming off into another car?’

‘Me!’ said his companion. ‘I would not have the seats on any consideration. I would rather ride in the baggage-car, or on the tender, than sit by the side of such selfish and heartless girls as they.’

The young ladies were doubtless in the wrong, since, while each of them had a perfect right to her own seat, she had no right to place any obstruction whatever in the way of other people’s taking possession of theirs. Still, the gentlemen did them injustice in attributing to heartless selfishness, what was due, in a great measure, to simple inconsideration. For want of thought they did not view the subject in its true light;—that was all.

They were, in fact, very amiable and kind-hearted girls, and simply followed the too general custom of monopolizing more seats than one is entitled to, which is too often to be observed in public conveyances, but which probably results quite as often from simple inconsideration as from the unfeeling selfishness which it seems to denote.

CHAPTER III

RESPECT THE BURDEN, MADAM.



IN the mean time the car had become entirely full, and several persons, not being able to find seats, were standing in the aisle. Presently the conductor came and told the two young ladies above-mentioned, that he should be obliged to move their packages from the vacant seats, as the car was so full.

They accordingly took their places together in one seat, and the conductor turned the others, so as to make four new places for the persons who were standing. Thus the aisle was pretty well cleared.

Presently there came into the car a dashing young lady, carrying a dog in her arms, and followed by a gentleman who looked as dashing as herself. She wore a showy dress, and walked along the aisle looking to this side and to that with a very pretentious air, as if she expected that somebody would move, and offer her a seat. As she came near the place where Juno was sitting, she said,

speaking apparently partly to herself and partly to the gentleman behind her,—

‘Where shall we get a seat? Ah! here, this coloured girl will give us this seat, I dare say. She has got nothing but a child with her.’

Juno paid no attention to this speech, but looked quite composed and unconcerned; and the lady, after giving her rather a rude stare, passed on, the gentleman following her, and both went out of the car at the door at the rear.

Several other persons came in at the front end of the car, and passed through, looking in vain for seats, and finally went out at the rear, intending, apparently, to try their luck in the next car.

Presently the door opened, and a poor-looking woman came in with three children. One was a baby, in her arms. The second was a little thing just big enough to walk, who toddled along just behind her mother, holding on all the time by her dress. The third was somewhat older, and came afterward lugging a big travelling-bag. The poor mother looked anxiously for a seat, and seemed quite distressed to find that the car was full, and that there was no place at all for her and her children. What made it worse, she was a French Canadian, and could scarcely speak any English at all.

‘Georgie,’ said Juno, ‘let’s give this woman our seat. We can find another somewhere.’

Georgie was very ready to acquiesce in this plan, all the more so because it made a new move for him ; and, with children, when they are travelling, every change is a pleasure. They would always much rather move about than sit still.

So Juno and Georgie arose, and offered the poor woman their seat. She seemed at first inclined not to take it, but Juno said, ' Yes, take it, ma'am, we can find another much sooner than you, with all your children.'

The woman did not understand the words that Juno spoke, but she understood the action and the look. The car, too, at this instant began to move, and she was only too thankful to have a place to sit down. She took her place next the window, with the baby in her arms, and made room for the other two children to sit by the side of her. Juno and Georgie, with their travelling-bags in their hands, moved toward the rear of the car. The car was now going on quite rapidly, so that Juno did not dare to attempt to go into the next car.

' What are we going to do ?' asked Georgie.

' I don't know,' said Juno. ' We must wait a few minutes and see.'

Georgie stood a few minutes longer, though the motion of the car was such that he could not stand very still. He did not mind this much himself. In fact, he almost considered it good fun to be

jolted in that way, but he thought it was rather hard for Juno.

‘Juno,’ said he, at length, ‘are you sorry that we gave up our seats?’

‘No,’ said Juno, ‘not a bit sorry.’

By-and-by the conductor came along the car, collecting the tickets. When he came to where Juno and Georgie were standing, and had received their tickets, he looked back to where they had been sitting, and said,—

‘Did you give up your seat to that French-woman?’

‘Yes,’ said Juno. ‘There was no other seat for her, and she had young children, and could not stand in the aisle, till she could find a seat, so well as we.’

‘I’ll find a seat for you at the next station,’ said the conductor. ‘You can’t pass across the platform very well while the cars are going.’

So saying, the conductor went on, passing out at the rear door, and across the platforms into the next car.

‘*He* can go across the platforms well enough,’ said Georgie, ‘while the train is moving.’

‘Yes,’ replied Juno.

‘And I don’t believe but that we could, too,’ said Georgie.

‘I think we could myself,’ said Juno.

‘Then let us try,’ said Georgie.

'No,' said Juno, 'I would rather not try.'

'Why not try if you believe we could do it,' asked Georgie.

'Because I don't *know* that we could,' replied Juno. 'There might be some risk about it, and it is of no use to take useless risks.'

'I should not be afraid to do it,' said Georgie.

'No,' replied Juno. 'I presume you would not. That is because, as your father said, your reason and judgment are not ripe yet. It is so with all boys. They are continually running useless risks, and so are constantly meeting with mishaps.'

Not long after this the train began evidently to slacken its speed, and the slackening was accompanied by a peculiar change in the character of the motion, which became less smooth and equable than before.

'Juno,' said Georgie, 'don't you feel a kind of rubbing and joggling among the wheels under the cars?'

'Yes,' said Juno, 'what makes it?'

'The brakes,' replied Georgie. 'They put the brakes down when they want to stop the train, and the brakes rub hard against the wheels, and so stop them. Only they can't stop them all at once.'

'What *are* the brakes?' asked Juno.

'They are wooden things,' said Georgie, 'that press against the rims of the wheels when they

want to stop the cars, and it makes a joggling and a rubbing.'

'Yes,' said Juno, 'I have often felt that, but I did not know what made it. Indeed, I did not think much about it, any way. But how did you know?'

'My father told me,' said Georgie. 'I asked him one day what made that joggling, and he told me, and when we got out, he showed me the brakes under the car. If you will get out when we have stopped I will show them to you.'

'No,' said Juno, 'not now.'

By this time the train had come to a full stop, and a moment afterward the conductor appeared, and beckoned to Juno and Georgie to follow him. He led them across the platform into the next car, and through the whole length of this into the next. There they found plenty of seats. They chose one which was unoccupied, and which had before it another which was unoccupied, too. They took the back one, and turned the one before them over, and thus established themselves very comfortably.

'Ah!' said Georgie, 'now we are all right again. I am glad you let that poor woman have our seat.'

'Yes,' said Juno, 'I remembered your father's story, and thought I would "respect the burden."'

'But she did not have any burden,' said Georgie; 'only the baby. There was a big bag,

but the girl carried that. It was as much as she could lift.'

'I don't mean any burden that she had to carry on her back,' said Juno, 'but the burden of trouble and care upon her mind, in having charge of so many children on a journey. The other lady that wanted our seat had more to carry.'

'What other lady?' asked Georgie.

'The one who had the dog in her arms,' said Juno.

'Yes,' said Georgie, 'only the Frenchwoman had the baby.'

'True,' rejoined Juno. 'But I suppose it was a pleasure for her to carry her baby.'

'Yes,' said Georgie, 'and so I suppose that it was a pleasure to the other lady to carry the dog.'

'You are right,' said Juno. 'It must have been so, or else she would not have carried it.'

Juno was always ready to acknowledge that Georgie was in the right in the little discussions which she often had with him, both because it was no more than honest in her to do so, and also because this encouraged him to exercise his reasoning powers, and so assisted in the development of them.

In a short time, when Juno and Georgie had become well settled in their new seat, Juno took out a book from her travelling-bag and prepared herself to read. She was in the middle of the

back seat, and Georgie was upon the front one, of the two which they occupied.

‘It makes some people sick to ride backwards,’ she said. ‘You must notice how you feel, and if you begin to be in the least uncomfortable you must come over to this seat. In the mean time you can be considering what part of this seat you will prefer,—the end next the window, or next the aisle.’

‘Next the window,’ said Georgie.

‘That is the best place to see,’ said Juno, ‘but the place next the aisle is best for getting out, if you wish to go to the end of the car, now and then, to see what is going on, when they stop at a station.’

‘I think I’d rather be next the aisle, then,’ said Georgie. ‘Or I can change if I wish. I can sit part of the time next the window and part of the time next the aisle, for I can climb over this front seat when I want to change, and so not disturb you.’

‘So you can,’ said Juno.

‘Only you would have to slip along from one end of the seat to the other when I changed,’ said Georgie.

‘I should not mind that,’ said Juno. ‘You may change as often as you like.’

Juno was a sensible girl, and she had had experience enough of travelling to know that the in-

convenience of making liberal arrangements to allow children to move about during a journey, was very much less to the grown person, than the irritation, vexation, and difficulty engendered by the attempt to compel them to sit still all the time.

At the next two or three stations quite a number of persons came into the car, and so many of the vacant seats were occupied that Juno thought that they ought to turn back into its place the one before them, in order that any of the new comers might take the seat if they desired. So Georgie turned the back support over, and took a seat himself by the window.

‘And now, Georgie,’ said Juno, ‘after we have been to see your cousin, where do you think we had better go on this journey? Your father said we might go wherever we pleased.’

‘I should like to go to the end of the world,’ said Georgie.

‘To the end of the world!’ repeated Juno. ‘That would be a great way.’

‘I should not care how far it was,’ said Georgie. ‘I like travelling very much, especially in the cars.’

‘I don’t suppose we could go quite to the end of the world by railroad,’ said Juno.

‘Then let us go as far as we can,’ said Georgie.

‘I’ll think about that,’ said Juno.

CHAPTER IV.

FREDDIE'S WAGON.



HE cousin that Georgie was going first to see was a boy named Freddie. He lived in a large town about fifty miles from where Georgie lived.

Freddie was a very ingenious boy, and he had a workshop where he used to work with tools, and one of the first things that he did after Georgie's arrival was to bring in a little wagon that he had made, to show to Georgie and Juno. He brought it into the parlour.

When he came with it to the door, his mother remonstrated against his bringing it in.

'You must not bring your wagon here into the parlour,' said she. 'I cannot have you drawing it about over my carpets.'

Freddie paid little attention to this remonstrance, but continued to advance with his wagon through the door, and saying,—

'I'm not going to draw it about, mother ; I'm only going to bring it in where Georgie can see it.'

Then he asked Georgie to sit down upon it, and

he would haul him a little way, so that he might see how strong it was.

‘No,’ said Juno ; ‘take it down into your shop, and let Georgie and I go down and see it there. We want to see your shop, too.’

So Freddie took up his wagon in his arms to carry it down into the basement where his shop was, though it was somewhat difficult to do this, as the wagon was almost too large to go conveniently down the stairs. He went, however, Juno and Georgie following him. He turned into the room at the foot of the stairs, and there, in the front part of it, stood the bench. There was no out-building connected with his father’s house where Freddie could have his shop, and so he had had his bench set up here, in a room which was used on certain days of the week as the laundry.

‘I think Katy is very good-natured,’ said Juno, ‘to let you have your bench in her laundry. But I suppose that you are very careful never to make her any unnecessary trouble, or to tease or disturb her in any way.’

Freddie did not answer this remark, but proceeded to lift his wagon up and place it upon the bench where it could be seen to good advantage. It was indeed quite a nice wagon for a boy to make. It had four wheels, sawed out from hard wood, ‘inch and a half stuff,’ as the carpenters call it,—that is, from boards an inch and a half thick.

Freddie had not really sawed out these wheels himself, but he got them sawed out at the mill, where there was a machine with a very narrow and slender saw, which was made to move up and down with great speed by a reciprocating motion, through a slit in the table, in such a manner that by putting a board flat upon the table, and pressing it against the saw, and slowly advancing it as the saw cut its way into it, and moving it as it advanced, this way and that, according to the pattern desired, any shape whatever could be cut out very easily and very rapidly. Such a machine as this is very curious to see when it is in operation.

The pattern, of course, which is to be cut out, must first be marked on the board, in order that the workman may see how to guide the board so as to make the cutting follow the outline. In the case of Freddie's wheels, I suppose the workman at the mill first made circles of the right size, on the boards, with a pair of compasses: and thus, by guiding the board carefully according to the line, the wheels came out perfectly round.

Having had the wheels thus cut out at the mill, Freddie made the rest of the wagon himself, except that his uncle helped him about making the tongue. What is called the tongue is the *pole* which is inserted in the forward axle, to draw the wagon by, or to hold it back when you wish to stop it, or to prevent its going too fast down-hill. A tongue is

on this account better than a rope,—for a rope, although it will answer well enough to draw a wagon, cannot be used to hold back at all.

Freddie used an old broom-handle for the tongue of his wagon, having first scraped it clean with pieces of glass, and then smoothed it with sand-paper. There was one difficulty about it however, which he would hardly have been able to manage himself, and his uncle accordingly helped him. This difficulty was the necessity of bracing the tongue where it went into the axle-tree; for if Freddie had simply bored a hole into the axle, and then inserted the end of the broom-handle into it, it would not have been strong. It might have answered very well for pulling directly forward, or for pushing directly backward,—but if the boy, in drawing it, were to make a sharp turn to the right or left, it would have been very likely to break off short, at the point where it was inserted into the axle-tree.

To guard against this danger, Freddie's uncle sawed a slit, eight or ten inches long, in the end of the broom-stick which was to go into the axle-tree, and then pulled the two portions apart, so as to form branches as it were, passing off to the right and the left, and entering the axle-tree at points five or six inches apart, in such a manner as to act as braces for the tongue, when it was turned to one side or the other, in order to turn the wagon,

After he had sawed the slit in the wood, and before he pulled the two branches apart, he wound a strong wire eight or ten times around the pole just beyond the end of the slit, to prevent its splitting up any farther when he pulled the branches apart. Then he soaked the two branches in hot water for a long time, to soften the wood and make them bend out easily. He did this by putting the pole in the bath-tub, and turning the hot water upon the part that was slit, and letting it run upon the wood in a very small stream for several hours. He might have softened the wood as well by putting that end of the pole in the boiler, and let it remain there for half-an-hour or more,—but he was afraid that this might possibly occasion some inconvenience to Katy and Sarah.

When the wood was sufficiently softened he pulled the two branches apart, and put a block of wood between, to keep them apart until the wood should become dry and cold. He found then that they had 'taken a set,' as the workmen call it, and remained fixed in that position, spreading apart at just the right angle necessary.

All the rest of the work in making the wagon Freddie did himself. He did not attach the tongue, with the two branches which his uncle had made, directly to the axle,—for in that case it would have stood out straight forward, and could not have been moved up or down. It is necessary that the

tongue of a wagon which is made to be drawn by boys should be capable of a *vertical*, that is, of an *up and down* movement; for a large boy, in drawing it, would naturally wish to hold it up higher than a small boy. I do not know whether you will understand very well the arrangement by which Freddie accomplished this object, but I will explain it, not only because, perhaps, some boy who reads this book may undertake to make such a wagon, but more particularly because reading and understanding such descriptions will help all boys to learn to understand the descriptions of contrivances and machinery which they will often have occasion to read in books and newspapers, when they are men.

Freddie, then, did not insert the ends of the fork of the tongue directly into the forward axle, but into 'a roller,' as it is called, which roller he formed by a bar of wood about an inch square and eight inches long, and rounded at each end. The rounded ends went into holes in two blocks, which were fastened to the axle-tree in front. These two blocks had round tenons made in them, which could enter into two round holes in the axle-tree, of the right distance apart. When all these parts were made, Freddie drove the ends of the fork of the tongue into the two holes in the roller, and wedged and glued them in. Then he put the two ends of the roller into the holes in the blocks.

Then he inserted the tenons of the blocks into the holes which he had made in the axle-tree, and glued them in. Thus the blocks were fixed to the axle-tree, and the tongue was fixed to the roller, but the roller was free to turn in the blocks, so that the tongue could be moved up and down at pleasure.

It required considerable ingenuity and some perseverance on Freddie's part to do all these things. He had some help from his uncle in planning the arrangement of the tongue and roller, but all the rest he planned himself, and executed it without any help. He put a piece of wood on the upper edge of the forward axle-tree, for the board which was to form the floor of the wagon to rest upon, and made this piece high enough to raise the forward end of the board as high as the back end of it was, which, of course, rested on the axle of the hind wheels. He also made a seat behind, supporting it by upright standards, and put two side-pieces on to protect the dress and fingers of the rider from the wheels, and nailed a cleat on at the forward end of the board, for the double purpose of strengthening the board, and also for the rider to brace his feet against. For linch-pins, to prevent the wheels from coming off the axle-trees, he put in nails, having previously bored holes with a gimlet; and he put washers of thick leather between these nails and the wheels to diminish friction, by pre-


venting the nails from cutting into the wood, when the wheels were revolving.

When the wagon was finished it was found to be a very substantial one, and it proved very serviceable.

Freddie and his playmates, the neighbours' boys, amused themselves a great deal with it on the side-walks in front of their houses. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that Freddie wished to show it to Georgie and Juno when they came to the house.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT A GLUE-POT.

 LUNO examined the wagon in all its parts with a great deal of interest. She did not praise it much, and say how ingenious Freddie was, and how surprised she was that he could make such a wagon, but she examined it minutely, and inquired how he made this part, and how he did that, and then asked to have it taken down from the bench where Freddie had put it, that she might try it on the floor. She asked if it was really strong enough to bear a boy, and wished Freddie to get upon it, and let her draw him a little.

All this pleased Freddie very much. Indeed, an intelligent boy is much more gratified by having you take an interest in what he has done, than in having you merely praise him for doing it.

Freddie had really succeeded remarkably well in making his wagon. He was quite an ingenious boy, and he was, moreover, very ardent, active, and impulsive in his temperament, and, indeed, sometimes rather inconsiderate, as such boys very often

are. For a boy who is full of life, health, and vigour is often a means of inconvenience and discomfort to others by not properly considering that many things that he does, though they make amusement for him, are a means of interruption and annoyance to those around him.

Such boys often thoughtlessly occasion a great deal of trouble to the domestics in the house where they live,—or where they visit. They burst into the kitchen with great noise and uproar, interrupt the domestics at their work, bring in unnecessarily quantities of mud or snow, leave the doors open, or shut them with violence and noise, and, if the girl reproves them, or asks them, however gently, to be more quiet, answer her rudely, or even insultingly, and in their resentment, act worse than before. Such conduct as this, wholly inexcusable as it is, results sometimes more from want of consideration than from any deliberate evil intent. The boys do not consider how long and arduous the work of the girl is, whom they vex and plague by their rudeness, and how incumbent it is on them, if they have any sentiment of generosity or kindness in their hearts, to do all they can to lighten it, instead of trying to make it heavier and harder. In a word, they do not ‘respect the burden,’ partly from not being aware how heavy the burden is. Sometimes they do not seem ever to know that there is any burden at all.

That night, after Georgie had gone to bed, Juno went into his room as usual, to see if he was all right, and to have a little talk with him before he went to sleep. Among other things, she talked of Freddie and his wagon.

‘He has got a nice bench,’ said Juno, ‘and quite a good stock of tools.’

‘Yes,’ said Georgie, raising himself up suddenly in bed in his eagerness, ‘and he has bought them pretty much all himself. He saves all his money to spend in tools.’

‘Well, lie down,’ said Juno, ‘and keep covered up. How did he get his bench?’

‘He saved up money for that, too,’ said Georgie. ‘And he has got a saw, and a plane, and a hammer, and a rasp, and several borers, and different kinds of nails.’

‘I suppose he has got all the tools he wants,’ said Juno.

‘No,’ replied Georgie. ‘There is no such thing as having all the tools you want. I suppose he would like a great many more. When I went out with him this afternoon, we looked into the windows of the hardware shops, and he showed me a great many tools, and told me what they were for. The next thing that he is going to buy is a glue-pot. He has not got any glue-pot. When he wishes to glue anything he has no other way but to melt his glue in a tea-cup, or something like that.’

'I suppose that is just about as well,' said Juno.

'Oh, no,' replied Georgie, raising himself up again eagerly in bed. 'Your glue is very apt to burn if you melt it in a cup or mug.'

'Well, lie down,' said Juno. 'You can tell me about it lying down, just as well.'

So Georgie lay down again, and explained to Juno that a glue-pot proper was made double, having an inner pot setting into an outer one,—the outer one being filled with water, so that the bottom and sides of the inner one may have water all around them, and thus can never get hotter than boiling water, and therefore can never burn.

'We can get water very hot, nevertheless,' said Juno. 'When it is boiling hot, it is very hot indeed.'

'Yes,' replied Georgie, rising up again in bed, 'but not *burning* hot. It never gets so hot as to *burn* anything that is put in it. Before it can possibly get hot enough for that it turns all into steam. Freddie explained it to me.'

Georgie was substantially right in this, though his statement was not fully and precisely exact. It is true that water, if *not confined*, can never be made more than boiling hot: for as soon as it reaches that temperature it turns into steam, and passes off into the atmosphere. But if it is *confined* in a very strong vessel, so that it cannot expand

into steam, it may be heated to any degree. It might even be made red-hot or white-hot. But the difficulty of obtaining any vessel strong enough to hold it in such a case is so great, that practically, and in relation to all the ordinary purposes of life, it cannot be made hotter than it always is when it begins to boil. And thus anything that is surrounded on all sides by water, though put over no matter how hot a fire, can never be burned.

That is the reason why a glue-pot is made double, the inner part, which is to contain the glue, being surrounded on all sides by the water which is contained in the outer part.

‘I should like to give Freddie a glue-pot myself,’ said Juno, ‘if I thought it would do.’

‘I’m *sure* it would do,’ said Georgie, half rising up, but then suddenly lying down again.

‘The difficulty is,’ said Juno, ‘that if he had a glue-pot, he would be obliged, whenever he wished to use it, to go to the kitchen fire; and if he is not careful not to make the girls any unnecessary trouble when he goes there, his glue-pot might be the means of his making more trouble, and then the girls would be sorry that I gave it to him.’

‘You might make him promise that he would not trouble them,’ said Georgie.

‘Do you think that boys can generally be trusted to keep such promises?’ asked Juno.

Georgie hesitated. He seemed to be in some doubt on that point.

‘You might at any rate ask Katy whether he does trouble her now.’

‘That is what I’ll do,’ said Juno. ‘That is a very good suggestion. I am much obliged to you for it. That’s what I’ll do, and if Katy thinks it will not be the means of making her trouble, I will go with him to buy a glue-pot to-morrow. Your father gave me some money to make little presents, during the journey, as I should have occasion ; and I can’t have a better occasion than this, provided Katy gives me a favourable answer.’

Juno thus concluded to adopt Georgie’s suggestion of asking Katy about Freddie’s manners and habits in the kitchen, and his general treatment of her and her sister, with a view of determining whether there would be any special danger of her causing them additional trouble, by giving him a glue-pot. She determined to ask the question in Freddie’s hearing, so that there might be no disguise. She thought that at any rate the influence on Freddie’s mind would be beneficial, whatever the answer was.

So she explained the case to Freddie. She told him that she had thought of making him a present of a glue-pot, but that she had hesitated about it a little, for fear that since, in using the glue-pot, he would be obliged to go often to the kitchen fire,

such a present might be the means of causing some inconvenience or trouble to the girls ; and that would depend a good deal upon what his general conduct was when dealing with them.

‘I thought I would ask Katy how it is,—and whether she thinks, if I give you a glue-pot, it will be the means of making her any additional trouble.’

Freddie was much pleased with the idea of having a glue-pot, but a certain equivocal expression upon his countenance indicated that he had some misgivings in respect to the nature of the answer which Katy might be expected to return to Juno’s question.

He, however, assented to the proposition, and Juno, accompanied by Georgie and Freddie, proceeded toward the kitchen. They met Katy at the door, just coming out. She stopped when she saw that they wished to speak to her, and Juno stated the case and put the question.

Katy hesitated, and then said, ‘Well, he troubles me a little sometimes, but then he has so many good qualities that I pass it by.’

Freddie looked quite relieved when he heard these words, and Juno thought that Katy evinced a very generous spirit in speaking in this way. She expressed that opinion that same night, to Georgie, when talking with him after he had gone to bed.

‘I thought that Katy was very generous in speaking as she did about Freddie.’

‘She was,’ said Georgie,—‘that is, if he really troubles her much.’

‘I am afraid he does,’ said Juno. ‘Almost all boys like him, that are full of life and activity, make other people a great deal more trouble than they are aware of.’

‘Then, if I were you,’ said Georgie, ‘I would make him promise.’

‘I’m afraid that would not do much good,’ said Juno, gently shaking her head.

‘Then,’ said Georgie, ‘you might give the glue-pot to Katy, and let her lend it to him when he is a good boy,—until he gets good enough for her to give it to him entirely.’

‘That might be a good plan,’ replied Juno, ‘but I think that on the whole I will trust him with it himself. He is a boy that is governed a great deal by impulses, but they are generous impulses; and when he does anything that is wrong, or that gives other people pain or trouble, it is only for want of reflection or consideration. I am sure he would never add to Katy’s cares and troubles, if he only saw the subject in its true light. I’ll tell him the story of Napoleon and the woman coming down the mountain with the burden on her back.’

‘So I would,’ said Georgie.

‘Everybody has a burden to carry,’ continued

Juno, 'of some kind or other, domestics as well as everybody else. I have mine, and I thank you, Georgie, for doing so much by being always so kind, considerate, and obedient, to make it so light.'

So Juno kissed Georgie, and bade him good-night. He turned his cheek over upon his pillow, and shut his eyes to go to sleep, saying to himself that he would never again do anything to give pain or trouble to Juno, if he could help it, as long as he lived.

CHAPTER VI.

CHILDREN IN THE RAIL CAR.



If any of the older children of the family who sometimes have the younger ones put under their charge, should read this book, though it is really not specially intended for readers who have attained to their degree of maturity,—they may, perhaps, learn something about the easiest and best modes of management in such cases, by observing Juno's dealings with Georgie.

One day, in the course of their journey, the road lay along the bank of a river. Juno chose a seat on the side of the car which was toward the river, thinking that the views of the water, and of the various features of the landscape that were connected with it—such as the bridges, the waterfalls, the mills, and the little villages and landings, would interest and please him. She gave Georgie the seat next the window, supposing that for a time, at least, he would like best to sit there so that he could see out.

She had provided herself with a book to read,

and had also put a story-book in Georgie's bag, so that he might amuse himself with reading also, if he chose, when he became tired of looking out of the window. She did not, however, expect that he would read much,—certainly during the first part of the journey.

The train started, and Georgie seemed very much pleased with his seat and his surroundings. Juno took out her book so as to be ready to read, but she did not intend to begin until the journey had been fairly commenced—for there are usually, when first setting out on a journey by railway, a great many things occurring to distract the attention.

When they came to the first stopping, Georgie was quite interested in looking out at the window to see what was going on upon the platform. When they started again, he said,—

‘Juno, I could see better if I was higher up. Would it do for me to put my valise upon the seat and sit upon that?’

‘Is there anything in your valise that will break by your sitting on it?’ asked Juno.

‘No,’ said Georgie.

‘Then it will do very well to try the plan and see how it works,’ said Juno.

Georgie had packed most of his travelling effects in a little valise which he took with him in the cars. There was a trunk, besides, and some of his

things were in that, with Juno's. But Georgie wished to have a valise all to himself, to take with him in the car. His mother was rather inclined to object to this arrangement ; but Juno said she thought the valise would be a very good thing for Georgie to take with him—to make trouble.

She smiled as she said this, and Georgie's mother asked her what she meant. Juno replied that, perhaps, she ought to have said to make *work*. She said that the more that boys had to think of and to do, when they were travelling, the more easily they were kept contented.

To this Georgie's mother at once assented, and Georgie was allowed to have his valise as an additional means of employment for his hands and for his thoughts on the way.

So when he proposed to put his valise on the seat to make it serve as a cushion, Juno was all ready to give her assent, simply on the ground that it would make work for him.

So Georgie reached down to get hold of his valise, which was on the floor under his feet,—and began tugging upon it to get it up upon the seat. Juno did not offer to help him, but let him work upon it after his own fashion.

She turned to him with a smile, however, and said, ' If you were a *little* boy, I'd help you.'

'I don't want any help,' said Georgie, 'I can get it up all myself.'

So Juno opened her book and began to read, paying no further attention to Georgie, who went on placing his valise on the seat, and then, with great labour, climbed up and established himself upon it.

‘There!’ said he, with an exclamation of satisfaction and content.

‘I did not think you could climb up to the top of it all by yourself,’ said Juno, ‘but I thought I would not help you as long as I saw that you were getting along so well.’

‘I am glad you did not,’ said Georgie.

But Georgie’s contentment with his seat was not of very long duration. In about a quarter of an hour after, wriggling about a little upon it, he said,—

‘I don’t like my valise to sit on very well, after all.’

‘No matter,’ said Juno, ‘you had the pleasure of getting it up and trying it—and now you can have the pleasure of taking it down. Do you need any help?’

‘No,’ said Georgie, ‘I can do it myself.’

So he put the valise down again upon the floor where it was before.

Juno went on with her reading.

In about a quarter of an hour more, Georgie said,—

‘Juno, there are two boys out at the further

end of the car, playing with something. Can I go out and see what they are doing ?'

'Yes,' said Juno. 'That will be an excellent plan.'

So Juno rose and stepped out into the aisle to let Georgie pass, and when he had gone she took her seat again, and went on with her reading. She moved in, however, to the place next the window, leaving the outer seat for Georgie when he should return.

In about ten minutes he came back, and said that the two boys had got a little dog and were tying a collar upon his neck, but the collar was too big.

Juno laid down her book in her lap,—keeping her finger in the place, however,—while Georgie was speaking, so as to give him her full attention. She asked him some further questions about the little dog, and said that she supposed the boys had bought a full-sized collar, so that it would be ready for their dog when he grew big, and Georgie replied that that was what the boys said.

'Would you like your seat again next the window ?' she asked.

'No,' said Georgie, 'not now. I can get out easier here, in case I wish to go and see the dog again.'

'You can go whenever you like,' said Juno.

Now, some people might think that it would be

a great inconvenience and interruption to a person to have a child like Georgie moving about so much, when travelling with him in a car ; but that depends upon whether you consider such moving about on the part of a child the right and proper thing for him to do,—or as a wrong and improper thing. People who think that a child, when travelling in a railway train, ought to sit quiet and still hour after hour, as grown people do,—are annoyed by what they call his restlessness and ‘fidgetting.’ But people who have that idea are unreasonable. A child’s nerves and muscles, if he is in good health, are in such a condition that almost continual motion is indispensable, not only to the comfort of the child himself, for the time being, but to a healthy action of his vital system, and to his deriving any benefit from the journey. If, therefore, when you have the care of your little brother or sister on a journey, you feel that it is your duty to provide him with the means of moving about, of changing his position often, of exercising his limbs, and varying continually the current of his thoughts, just as it is your duty to provide a seat for him, while the cars are in motion, and something for him to eat at the stoppings,—then you will not call his desire for motion and change, mere restlessness and ‘fidgetting,’ that is to be repressed by scoldings and rebukes,—but as a healthy appetite for action, which is to be provided for and gratified ; and the pleasure

which you will take in gratifying it, will far more than counterbalance the little inconvenience which it will sometimes occasion you.

But, now, if any boy or girl, after reading this chapter, should take advantage of what is said in it, to claim the right, when travelling in the cars with their father or mother, of jumping up and down and moving about at will, without any regard to the convenience and comfort of those who are with them, they would act a very ignoble and ungenerous part. The chapter is intended to promote the comfort and happiness of children when they are travelling, by inducing those who have charge of them to relax, in some degree, the strictness with which they often insist on their sitting still. But the comfort and happiness of the grown people, who *like* to sit still, and do not like to be disturbed by the incessant movements of those that are near them, is also to be regarded, and, if any children, who read this chapter, should so interpret it as to imagine it to mean that they are at liberty in public places to act as they please, without regard to the feelings or the comforts of others, they would entirely pervert the meaning of it, and render a very ungrateful return for what is intended to benefit them, and increase their means of enjoyment when travelling.

CHAPTER VII.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.



NOT long after this the whistle of the locomotive blew two short quick blasts, which was an order to the brakeman to put down the brakes suddenly, and stop the train. The brakemen sprang to the work, and turned the wheels down as hard as they could screw them, and very soon the train was brought to a stop. Georgie could see that then the brakeman on the platform in front of the car which they were in, released the catch, and the wheel that he had been turning at once began to fly back, so as to free the car-wheels from the gripe of the brakes, and leave them at liberty to revolve when the engineer should be ready to start again.

Georgie, who was sitting in his seat at the time, asked Juno if he might go forward and see what was the matter. Juno, without taking her eyes off her book, nodded gently, and Georgie went to the forward part of the car and tried to look out at the window, but he could not obtain much satisfaction. Several men rose from their seats, and some of them

went out upon the platform, and stepped down to the ground, and there looked forward toward the engine. One or two walked forward. Georgie asked some of those around him what had happened, but nobody could tell.

So Georgie came back looking quite eager and excited, and told Juno that something had happened, and that the men had gone forward to see, and asked if he might go too.

Juno looked at him while he made this request, and very gently and slowly, indeed, almost imperceptibly, shook her head.

'May I at least go out upon the platform?' asked Georgie.

Juno moved her head slowly to and fro, as before, but without speaking.

'Why not?' asked Georgie. 'There is no danger while the train is still.'

'I'll tell you why not by-and-by,' said Juno.

Juno had learned by experience that reasons given to children while they are still eager to do the thing forbidden, never satisfy them, but only serve as an incitement to them to argue the question, and thus in the end, when they find that their arguing does not avail, to make it all the more difficult for them to obey. In addition to the hard necessity of having to submit to another person's will, they have the mortification of seeing their reasonings made light of, and disallowed.

There is nothing humiliating or disagreeable to a child, or to any other person, in fact, in obeying a simple order from superior authority ;—but when the order is accompanied with reasons and with debate, in which the child is discomfited, it becomes mortifying, and the child is very likely to submit, if he submits at all, sullenly, and with ill-humour.

How foolish it would be in a general to give his subalterns the reasons of his orders, and argue the point with them when they differed from him in opinion, and then finally insist upon their obeying him contrary to their own wishes and reasonings. They would obey him much less promptly and readily than if he had given them a simple order in the first place, without entering into any explanations at all.

When, therefore, your father or mother gives you a command, obey it at once, without stopping to ask the reason. If you really wish to know the reason, ask afterward, when the command has been obeyed.

Although the movement of Juno's head was so slight and so gentle, Georgie knew well that it was decisive and final, and he said no more, but went forward again to see what he could learn without going out. Presently he heard from outside a faint cry, 'All aboard !' and in a moment afterward the men who had gone out came scrambling up the steps to the platform again, and the train almost

immediately began to move. The men barely had time to get into the car. Georgie was very glad that he was not among them.

He asked several of them what was the matter. Some of them said they did not know, and others brushed roughly by him without taking any notice of him at all. So he came back to where Juno was sitting.

Juno had tact enough to understand that after such an incident as this, Georgie would like to talk a little about it, so when he came she laid her book down in her lap, keeping her finger all the time in the place, and listened to hear what he had to say.

'I could not find out what the matter was,' said Georgie.

'Could not anybody tell you?' asked Juno.

'Not a man,' said Georgie. 'I could have found out, if I could have gone forward to the locomotive.'

'It is difficult to find out, sometimes, in such cases,' said Juno, 'for the engineer and his workmen don't like to answer questions much.'

'What do you think it could be?' asked Georgie.

'Perhaps there was a cow on the track,' said Juno.

'No,' said Georgie, 'they don't stop for cows,—they only go slowly, and drive them off with sticks of wood from the tender.'

‘Perhaps we *ran over* a cow,’ said Juno.

‘No,’ replied Georgie, ‘for we should have felt the jolt.’

‘Might it be that they stopped to take up a passenger?’ asked Juno.

‘Oh, no!’ replied Georgie. ‘They never stop to take up passengers by the way,—and certainly not in such a place as this.’

‘Perhaps there was a screw getting loose in the engine.’

‘Or a nut,’ said Georgie. ‘It is the nuts that are most apt to get loose, and then they have to stop and tighten them up with the monkey-wrench. That was it, I’ll bet.’

He did not wait for Juno to take up his bet, but having now satisfied his mind by a little conversation on the incident, he rose from his seat again and went to the forward part of the car, leaving Juno to her reading.

The next time that Georgie came back to his seat, Juno said to him,—

‘I see you are pretty careful when you walk along the aisle not to strike against the people in the seats on each side. I am glad of that. It is all very well for boys to go to and fro through the car, provided they are careful not to disturb the people in the seats.’

The truth was that Georgie had not been *especially* careful, as he ought to have been, not to

touch the arms or shoulders of people in passing along the aisle, and that was the reason why Juno only said that she had observed that he had been *pretty* careful.

But inasmuch as he had taken *some* pains to avoid disturbing people, as he passed them in going to and fro, it was better to recognize and speak of that, and make it the germ of growth and progress to the full standard of right, rather than only to notice and criticize shortcomings, which were, in fact, no more than what was to be expected at first in such a child.

'It is very difficult,' said Juno, 'for a person to go up and down an aisle in a car, when the train is in motion, without knocking against the people on one side or the other. I should not think you could do it.'

'Oh, yes,' said Georgie, 'I can do it very well.'

'It is like sailing between Scylla and Charybdis,' said Juno.

'What do you mean by that?' asked Georgie.

'I read about it in a book,' said Juno. 'There is a place somewhere in the world where there is a narrow passage that ships have to pass through, and there is a great reef of rocks on one side, and a whirlpool on the other. The reef is named Scylla, and the whirlpool Charybdis; or else the whirlpool is Scylla, and the rocks Charybdis, I forget which.'

‘And could not they get through?’ asked Georgie.

‘It was very difficult to get through,’ said Juno, ‘without running into one or the other.’

‘And now,’ continued Juno, ‘we will play that the people on the sides of the aisle are Scylla and Charybdis, and that you are a ship trying to navigate between them. You may go back and forth as often as you like,—only whenever you touch anybody on either side it will be a shipwreck, and you must come directly here and go into dock for repairs.’

‘Into dock?’ repeated Georgie.

‘Yes,’ replied Juno. ‘When a ship touches on the rocks, the bottom gets damaged, and she has to go into dock to be repaired.’

‘What is a dock?’ asked Georgie.

‘It is a kind of great box or basin with strong stone walls. The vessel goes into it through great gate-ways, and when she is in they shut the gates and pump the water out, and the ship rests on her keel, and they can examine the bottom everywhere, and mend the broken part.’

‘I should think she would fall over on her side,’ said Georgie.

‘Oh, they prop her up with strong timbers, to prevent that,’ said Juno.

‘Sometimes,’ continued Juno, ‘the dock is a very strong railway running down under the water,


and when the vessel is not too large they draw her up out of the water on the rails, by means of monstrous chains and machinery.'

Georgie was much interested in this account of docking a ship, and with the idea of his being a vessel and navigating between Scylla and Charybdis, and going into dock when he got damaged. Indeed, he was so taken with this fancy, that I believe he was rather desirous of meeting with a mishap and getting damaged, on his first voyage, in order to carry out the play. At any rate, it was not long before he came to Juno to say that he touched upon a rock, and so she required him to sit upon his seat and remain there quietly, in dock, past two stopping places.

After this, whenever he went along the aisle, he was very careful to avoid the danger. But, then, his imagination was so agreeably occupied by the idea that he was a ship, and that his passings from one end of the car to the other were voyages through a narrow sea, with rocks and breakers to be avoided, on either hand, that Juno's mode of managing the case contributed much, for a time, while the play lasted, not only to prevent his disturbing the people that were seated along the aisle, but also to amuse his mind and help him to enjoy the journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

POOR TOBY.

 HERE was a boy in the car during this journey of Juno and Georgie's, named Toby. He was with his mother in the rear part of the car. Georgie saw him several times, and wished very much that he would come out into the aisle so that he could get acquainted with him. But his mother would not let him come. She thought that a boy ought to sit still and keep quiet when he is travelling. This is true, no doubt, to a certain extent ;—but Toby's mother, I think, carried the idea too far. Children, when travelling, ought to keep quiet and still enough not to disturb or incommode the grown people who are travelling with them ; but within that limit they ought to be allowed as much movement and action as possible.

When Toby and his mother first came into the car, and were about taking their seats, Toby asked his mother to let him have the seat next the window so that he might look out. But she said no. She must sit next the window herself. She did not

like to sit next the aisle, where everybody brushed against her every time they went by.

So she pushed Toby aside, and went in to take the inner seat, leaving Toby to take the one next the aisle. Toby sat down, but he looked disappointed and sullen.

In a moment, however, as he looked around the car, his eye suddenly brightened up at seeing a vacant seat near the window a little way before him on the other side.

'Mother,' said he, 'there is a spare seat by a window over there. I'm going to sit in it.'

'No,' said his mother, 'you must stay here by me, where I can look after you. You will be sure to get into some mischief or other if you go over there.'

'But I can't see at all here,' said Toby, speaking in a complaining tone.

'Yes, you can,' replied his mother. 'You can see well enough. There are windows all around you. Besides, what do you want to see for? There is nothing to be seen but trees and fields, and you can see enough of them at any time.'

Toby had nothing to do but to submit. So he turned round with his back against the arm of the seat, in order to see out of the window as well as he could, though, of course, he could not see very well.

But after the train had started it came to a

curve in the road which brought the rays of the sun a little into the windows. This Toby's mother did not like. So she asked Toby to reach over and help her put down the blind.

'But then,' said Toby, 'I can't see at all.'

'Oh, Toby!' said his mother, 'what a vexation and plague you are. I never take you on a journey with me, without resolving that I will never take you again. I don't see why you need make so many complaints. You are never satisfied. Get up and go out in the aisle and let me out, and then you may come in and sit by the window since you are so bent upon it.'

So his mother rose and followed him out into the aisle. She got her feet embarrassed with the travelling-bag which she had upon the floor, and she managed so as to make the difficulty seem as great as possible, and said,—

'There! see how much trouble you make me.'

After a while, however, the change was made. Toby had his seat by the window, and the blind was not moved. His mother took the place by the aisle. Neither of them, however, felt comfortable or happy. Toby, it is true, had got the seat that he desired, but then he felt uneasy and uncomfortable at having been found fault with so much, especially since he thought that he did not deserve it. It is hard enough for a child to bear patiently the blame which he incurs by mischief which he

has actually done ; but to be taunted by his mother with mischief that she imagined he *would do*, when he had not really done it, nor given any indication that he was going to do it, as he was when she said that if he went away from her direct oversight and care he would be sure to get into some mischief, was very vexatious and irritating.

The mental disturbance, however, which Toby suffered from these causes gradually subsided as he sat in the seat by the window, and looked out at the landscape, gliding swiftly by. The train was moving along the shore of the river not far from the bank. Presently a waterfall came in sight, with a dam and a mill at one end of it,—and above the mill there were some men who were just getting into a boat. Toby was quite interested in this operation, and as the train was moving so swiftly that the boat would soon be gone out of sight, he leaned forward and turned his head,—turning it more and more as the train advanced, so as to keep the group as long in sight as possible. His mother, in the mean time, had taken a book, and had commenced reading. Toby, in moving, rubbed by her arm a little.

‘Toby,’ said she, ‘how can I read unless you sit still!’

So Toby turned back into his place again.

Poor Toby tried very hard to sit still after this, for some time, but as is always the case with chil-

dren in health, a *force* was all the time being developed in him, which was in great need of expending itself in some kind of motion. You must remember this—those of you among the readers of this book who ever have the charge of young children. The force that is in them, which is derived from the nourishment which they have taken, and which, while they are in health, is all the time coming into existence and action, must have some mode of expending itself. So that one great art in managing children well, is to find ample means of working off this force, by giving them as many occasions and opportunities as possible for active motion.

The pent-up force in Toby's limbs and muscles became at length almost irresistible. To get a little relief he began to swing his feet. His mother at once told him to hold his feet still—she could not read, she said, when he kept so continually nestling about.

Toby did the best he could to restrain himself, but he found it very hard.

On the seat directly in front of him was a girl with a young child about three years old in her lap. She sat next the aisle, and the space between her and the window was occupied by her bag—a large black travelling bag. Presently, when the child began to be a little tired of sitting in her lap, she moved the bag and let him kneel upon the seat.

next the window and look out. In a few minutes he spied Toby, and turned round a little, so as to see him better,—taking hold, with his little hands, of the rail which formed the upper part of the back of the seat.

Toby at once began to make faces at him, to frighten him. This was not really from any malignity of feeling—that is, any deliberate desire to give the poor child pain,—but only because he was in such urgent need of having something to do. Making faces, especially as he accompanied them with what seemed to the baby frightful contortions of his fingers, was an occupation,—an occupation not merely for the muscles of his body but also for his mind. For it is a very curious fact, which, however, has not been known a great many years, that a portion of the force developed in the system by the action of the vital powers when in health, expands itself through the brain, and the action of the mind,—so that children that are kept too still for too long a time, become restless in mind as well as in body. Thus you may sometimes satisfy the longing for action,—or as people often call it, *quiet the restlessness* of your little brother,—either by letting him have a good run, or by telling him an interesting story. If you give him a run, you work off his accumulated force through his muscles. If you tell him a story you work it off through his brain. Neither will do for any long time alone,

but each will greatly help the other. Have you never observed, when you are telling a young child something that interests him very much, how *still* he is willing to stand, in order to listen to it? While yet, perhaps, just before it seemed impossible for him to be still a moment.

So Toby found employment for the muscles of his face and of his fingers, in trying to frighten the child, and for his brain in watching the effect that he produced. If he could have produced as striking effects in giving the child pleasure, as he could in giving pain, perhaps he would have liked that just as well. But unfortunately it is much more easy to produce extraordinary visible results in giving pain to people, and in injuring or destroying what is valuable, than in giving pleasure, or doing good ; and this is one reason why children, who very naturally look for results, get so often into mischief. It is not the *evil* that results from the mischief that they do, but the *striking character of the effects* involved in it, which constitute the charm of it in their eyes. The more striking the effects the more actively the brain is occupied in the contemplation of them, and, of course, the greater is the scope afforded for the expenditure of the pent-up forces.

The way, therefore, to deal with your little brothers or sisters who are inclined to be mischievous, is not to scold or punish them for what you call love of mischief, but what is really only

love of action,—but to try to provide other means of expending their surplus and accumulated power.

Pretty soon the child whom Toby was frightening began to cry. The girl looked round to see what was the matter. Toby looked a little alarmed when he saw that he was detected in his mischief. The girl scowled at him, and seemed much displeased. She took the child into her lap, and then rising, she carried him away to another seat, saying to him, as she went, ‘We’ll go away from that great ugly, wicked boy, that tried to frighten you. Don’t cry, I won’t let him hurt you.’

She soon came back after her bag, and she almost made a face at Toby as she took it up to carry it away.

Toby’s mother had been so occupied with her book all this time that she had not observed what Toby had done. She saw the girl go away and take the child, but she did not know why she went.

Very soon after she had gone, Toby took hold of the back of the seat before him to turn it over, saying,—

‘I’m going to turn this seat, mother, so that you can have more room.’

His mother was somewhat surprised at Toby’s becoming suddenly so considerate and so attentive to her comfort. She said nothing, but allowed Toby to turn the seat.

The truth was, that Toby was becoming so tired

of sitting still and having nothing to do, that he was determined to find some way of passing by his mother and going out into the aisle, and he thought that by having the seat before him turned back, he would have more room, and a better chance, for making his escape. The harsh and inconsiderate treatment that he was accustomed to receive, had trained him to the habit of making all sorts of false pretences. Indeed, it has long been manifest to mankind, that hypocrisy and deceitfulness are the twin children of tyranny.

As soon as he had turned the seat, his mother desired him to sit down and 'try and see if he could not keep still a little while.' So he sat down and tried to restrain himself for some time longer; but his restlessness, as his mother called it, or, as we have seen it ought really to be called, the force developed in his system by the action of his vital organs, became absolutely uncontrollable. He felt as if he could not possibly sit still any longer. He rose up from his seat and stood looking out at the window.

'Toby,' said his mother, 'sit down.'

'No, mother,' said Toby, 'I am tired of sitting down. I *must* stand up a little while.'

'But I can't see well if you stand up,' said his mother. 'Your head comes directly in my light.'

Toby moved his head a little to one side, but remained standing.

Just at this moment the whistle blew the alarm, and the motion of the train began to be checked by the brakes having been suddenly put down ; as has already been stated in speaking of Georgie. For all this that has been related about Toby took place before that time.

‘What’s that?’ said Toby, turning round suddenly.

‘It is nothing,’ said his mother. ‘We are coming to a station it is likely. I wish you would sit down and sit still.’

‘No, mother,’ said Toby, ‘it is no station. There’s no station here. We are right in the woods.’

Very soon the train had come to a full stop. Toby perceived, by the slight movement which such a stop occasions among the passengers—the people generally looking up and around, as if curious to know what was the matter—that something unusual had happened, and when he saw Georgie leave his seat and go forward, as if for the purpose of inquiring, he felt an irresistible inclination to go too.

‘Mother,’ said he, ‘I’m going out, to see what is the matter.’

‘No, there’s nothing the matter,’ said his mother. ‘Sit still.’

‘I’m going out to see,’ said Toby.

So saying, and by partly crowding past his

mother, and partly climbing over the seat before him, he made his way, against his mother's remonstrances, out into the aisle. His mother in vain attempting to stop him, said,—

‘Well, if you will go, I suppose you must. But you must not stay long, and, at any rate, you must on no account go out upon the platform.’

Toby remained a few minutes in the front part of the car, talking with Georgie, and, then, when some of the men went out upon the platform he followed them. His mother, who was watching him all the time, was thrown into a state of extreme uneasiness at seeing this, but she was too far away in the car to call him to come back. Presently, when the cry, ‘All aboard!’ was heard, and the men who had gone out came in, Toby did not come in with them, but remained outside, even after the train had started again. He stood, it is true, opposite the window, where his mother could see him, and so know that he was there; but she was in a state of great distress and anxiety for fear that he might be thrown off by some jolt or jerk of the car. He looked in, now and then, and nodded and smiled for an instant, at his mother, but turned his head again immediately, so as not to seem to observe her anxious looks and her earnest gestures to him to come back to his seat.

After some time, however, Toby came into the car again, and thus his mother's mind was to some

extent relieved. Still, she was very urgent to have him come back to his place, and she beckoned to him, and frowned and scowled at him, and did all she could to attract his attention. But he pretended not to see all this. He thought it was more prudent for him to remain where he was, until his mother should have time to recover a little from the displeasure and irritation he had caused her by going out upon the platform. His mother, on her part, finding that he did not attempt to go out again, became more calm and quiet, and went on reading her book.

Juno's mode, and that of Toby's mother, are specimens of two kinds of management. Toby's mother acted on the principle of making the journey quiet and pleasant for herself, by trying to keep her boy still, while Juno, on the other hand, thought the best way was to do all she could to keep him in motion.

CHAPTER IX.

LOUISA.



JUNO and Georgie went on by the railway for two or three days, meeting with a variety of adventures, none of which were very extraordinary, but which occupied Georgie's thoughts, and made the journey very agreeable. They did not travel many miles in a day,—but made short stages. It is usually unwise, when travelling for pleasure, to go very far in any one day ; for this makes only a weariness and a toil of what ought to be a pleasure. For a certain number of hours riding in a car is pleasant. After that it becomes tiresome, and sometimes in the end tiresome enough to be actually painful. Of course, all the money that is spent for that part of the day's journey which comes after this, is money spent in buying pain.

Juno arranged the journey so as to stop at night at pleasant country towns, which were generally situated on the bank of the river. And as the road which they had taken led into the interior, and was ascending the river, the towns became

smaller and smaller, and the country more and more thinly inhabited, as they proceeded. One afternoon they stopped at a village very prettily situated near a waterfall. Besides the waterfall there were dams, a small canal along the bank which conducted the water to some mills or factories, and other hydraulic works. There was only one public-house in this village. It was called the tavern, not being large and showy enough to be called a hotel.

There was a girl at this hotel named Louisa. She was at work in a little garden behind the house when Juno and Georgie arrived, and Juno and Georgie went out to see her. They soon became quite well acquainted with her, and Georgie helped her about her work. This was while the people in the house were getting ready the dinner or the supper, whichever it ought to be called, for it was rather too late for one, and too early for the other. At length the bell rang to call Juno and Georgie in.

‘I am very much obliged to you for helping me so much about my garden,’ said Louisa. ‘I should like it if I could do something for you.’

‘You can,’ said Juno. ‘We are going out to take a walk presently, and we should like very much to have you go with us and show us the way.’

‘The way where?’ asked Louisa.

‘Anywhere, where there is a pleasant walk,’ replied Juno. ‘We should like to walk a little

about the village, and down by the falls and the mills, and along the bank of the river, or wherever it is pleasant to go.'

'Well!' replied Louisa, joyously. 'I'll go in and get ready.'

So she put away her garden tools and went into the house, and there made her preparations for the walk, while Juno and Georgie were at the table. When Juno and Georgie saw the table, they had no longer any doubt that the meal should be called a dinner. It consisted of very nice broiled chicken and green peas, with mince-pie, crullers, and coffee at the end of it.

They found Louisa all ready for them when their dinner was ended, and they very soon set off upon their walk. Louisa and Georgie went on before, full of life and animation, while Juno followed more sedately behind.

They first walked a little way around the village. Louisa showed them the store and the post-office, and the blacksmith's shop, and the meeting-house, as she called it. At the end of the village they turned down a lane, which led them to the bank of the river where there was a place to water horses. But the horses could not go far into the river, for at a little distance out the water went roaring and foaming by, among rocks and breakers, where it would seem no horse could stand.

'What a furious river!' said Georgie.

‘Yes,’ replied Louisa, ‘it is rather furious here, but it is as gentle as a lamb above the dam.’

There was a path leading along the bank of the river toward the dam and the mills, and the party, after stopping a few minutes at the watering place, began to move slowly along the path. Georgie and Louisa amused themselves, while walking along this path, by picking up stones and pebbles and throwing them into the water. Juno, on the other hand, employed herself in gathering flowers. Louisa sometimes stopped throwing stones, and turned her attention for a time to Juno and the flowers. They were all finding occupation each in his or her own way, for the force which the vital functions were all the time developing within them.

They occupied their limbs by the exercise of walking along the path, and their mental organs, by the thoughts which were awakened by the stones and flowers,—Georgie, and sometimes Louisa, by watching the flight of the stone through the air, and the splash which it made in striking the water,—and Juno, by the more delicate sensibilities and emotions called into action in her sensorium by the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers.

By-and-by they began to approach the region of the waterfall and the mills, and so much noise was made by the water and the machinery, that they were obliged to speak quite loud, in order to make themselves heard.

They came presently to the door of one of the buildings from which the noise of the machinery proceeded. The door was open, but it had a sign of 'No ADMITTANCE,' over it.

'We can't go in, I suppose,' said Louisa, 'but we can look in. They have curious machines in there. They can saw crooked.'

'Saw crooked!' repeated Georgie.

'Yes,' said Louisa. 'It is a little thin saw that runs up and down, and they hold the board against it, and can saw out any shape they please. They saw out very pretty things sometimes.'

Just then a young coloured man came out of the shop, having some tools in his hands. As soon as he saw Juno his attention seemed to be suddenly arrested. He stopped, took off his cap, and made a polite bow, and then said that they could go into the shop if they liked, and see the operations.

'I thought we could not go in,' said Juno, 'because I saw the sign of "No Admittance" over the door,'—pointing at the same time to the sign.

'Ah!' said the coloured man, smiling at the same time very amiably,—'that is not intended to keep out such young ladies as you.'


'The fact is,' he continued, 'we have a great many unmannerly and meddling boys about here, and we are obliged to have some rules to keep them

out. But you can come in and stay as long as you like.'

So saying, he walked in, beckoning to them to follow, thinking, evidently, that they would feel more confidence in going in, if he went forward to escort them. They all followed him in.

CHAPTER X.

JOHNNY.

 HERE were various machines at work in different parts of the shop, and a workman at each, attending to its operation.

The first machine that attracted the attention of the party, consisted of a long slender saw, which was connected with a curious combination of wheels and levers at the upper end, while the lower end passed through a narrow opening in a small table below. This saw was moving up and down, with great apparent force, while a man stood before it with a thin board laid on the table, and this board he pressed gently against the saw, turning it as it advanced, so as to cut out the form that he desired. He was cutting out scroll-work, as it is called. The saw was very narrow,—so very narrow that it could turn around very short curves. It was kept stiff and straight by being held tight in its frame.

There is something quite curious about saws, that is, about the manner of managing those used

for different purposes, and these peculiarities most boys must have seen, though, perhaps, without reflecting upon the reasons for them. All saws must, of course, be thin, for they have nothing but the narrow cleft which they themselves make to pass through, in doing their work ; and, of course, those that are to be held only at one end, and *pushed* through the cleft, must be quite broad, or they would not have the necessary stiffness. To make them stiff enough, they must make up in breadth what they want in thickness. This is the reason why the common hand-saw has so broad a blade.

The *wood-saw*, on the other hand, has the blade fixed in a frame, and fastened at both ends, with a contrivance for stretching it, and thus the blade does not need any great breadth to give it stiffness. It is, accordingly, made quite narrow.

The blade of the saw in the machine which Juno and her party were looking at, was very narrow, indeed, and very thin. It was also tightly stretched in a frame, and was made by the machinery to move up and down with great force and speed, while the man who was operating it, guided the wood so as to cut out any curves or other forms that he desired. The blade of the saw was made so very thin and narrow that it would turn easily round the shortest curves.

‘This is such a saw,’ said Georgie, ‘as they made Freddie’s wheels with, I think.’

'I think so, too,' said Juno.

'If you should put your finger against that saw while it is a-going,' said Louisa, 'it would cut it short off in an instant.'

'Then I won't put my fingers there,' said Georgie, holding his hands behind him.

'Or, if your clothes should touch any of these wheels,' continued Louisa, 'they would draw them in, and you after them, and you would be crushed to death.'

'Dear me!' said Juno, looking or pretending to look frightened, and drawing her clothes around her. 'We will all be very careful.'

Just then they heard a little noise at the door, and turning to look that way they saw a small boy, about four years old, stubbed and fat, accompanied by a very plainly-dressed girl, apparently about twelve. The boy came toddling in—his ruddy cheeks beaming with health and happiness.

He advanced rapidly, followed by the girl, to the scroll-sawing machine where Juno and the children were standing, and said,—

'I want a wheelbarrow.'

The workman smiled upon him, and said in a tone of mock surprise, 'Hallo! Johnny! You want a wheelbarrow?'

The girl behind said, timidly, 'His father wants to know if you can't get him up something off-hand, that will answer for a wheelbarrow?'

'Yes, I think so,' said the workman. 'At least, we'll try. What kind of a wheelbarrow do you want, Johnny?'

'A wheelbarrow with a wheel to it,' said Johnny.

'All right!' said the man. 'The first thing, then, is to make the wheel. Do you want a big wheel or a little one?'

'A good big one,' said Johnny.

'All right!' said the man.

So the workman took up a piece of board, about an inch in thickness, from among the heap of pieces which lay at one side of the machine, on the floor, and with a pair of compasses he marked out a circle about a foot in diameter. He then laid the board down upon the table, and presenting the edge of it against the saw, he moved it along as the saw cut into it, following the mark, until he had cut out the wheel. When this was done he threw the remnants of the board back upon the heap, and gave the wheel to Johnny.

'There!' said he, 'take the wheel to Mr Tenant and ask him to cut a square hole in the centre of it, for the axle-tree. Sarah will show you the way.'

So Sarah, for that it seemed was the name of the girl who had charge of Johnny, led him away—he carrying his wheel, though not without difficulty. Sarah offered to carry it for him, but he said he preferred to carry it himself. Juno and her party fol-

lowed, in order to witness the process of making a wheelbarrow, 'off-hand.'

Mr Tenant had charge of a machine called a 'mortising machine.' Sarah told him what was wanted, and he, after taking the wheel in his hands and looking at it a moment, and then moving one or two handles and turning a screw or two about his machine, to alter the adjustment, he placed the wheel on what he called 'the bed,' and then by moving a lever, he set the machine in motion. In less than a minute a very neat and smooth square hole was cut through the centre of the wheel.

'There!' said he, 'take it now to Joseph, and tell him to make an axle to fit it.'

So Sarah led the way, followed by Johnny lugging the wheel, and also by Juno and the two children, to another part of the shop, where there was a pretty large and very solid table, with about one-half of a circular saw protruding from a slit in the centre of it. By the side of the saw, and parallel to it, was a bar of wood, called a guide, which could be fixed at any desired distance from the saw, so as to cut a piece of wood of any desired breadth. The saw was revolving with great rapidity, but it was not at that moment doing any work. The man had just finished a job, and was about commencing another. Sarah told him that they wanted an axle-tree for a wheelbarrow fitted to that wheel.

The man took the wheel and measured the size of the hole. Then after he had selected a piece of wood of the right size to make the axle-tree, turned some handles, and altered the position of the guide, so as to make it correspond in its distance from the saw with the breadth of the hole; and then running the strip of wood through the machine twice, he cut out a bar for an axle, of such a breadth and thickness, as that when sides were smoothed with a plane it should just fit the hole. He then cut it off, of the proper length.

'And now,' said Joseph, 'you want side-pieces and cross-pieces, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Johnny, 'we want all the pieces that we can have.'

So Joseph, taking up some other pieces of wood and sliding them along his table in the range of the saw, he cut out several long strips, regulating the breadth of them by the guide, and then afterwards by placing them across the saw, he cut them off as to make them of the proper length. There were four of these strips in all,—two long ones for the side-bars, and two short ones for cross-pieces.

Just as he was finishing this work, the colourman whom they had met before at the door, and who had invited them into the shop, came by the place where they were, with a small box of tools in his hand. He stopped a moment on the way

look at the party of visitors, and especially, as it would seem, at Juno.

‘Wait a moment, Cornelius,’ said the workman who had been sawing out the pieces of wood, ‘and take these pieces to your bench and put them together for a wheelbarrow for Johnny. There is to be no box on it. It is to be only a wheelbarrow frame.’

Cornelius seemed pleased to have an excuse for waiting. The pieces were soon ready. He took them in his hands, and, then, followed by the whole party of visitors, went to a bench near a window in the back part of the shop, where it seems he was accustomed to work.

‘But first,’ said he, ‘I must go and get the ends of the axle-tree turned.’

Accordingly, after putting the other parts of the wheelbarrow down upon the bench, he took the axle-tree and carried it across the shop to a machine called a lathe. The man who works a lathe is called a turner. The turner, in this case, put the piece of wood in his lathe, and then by slipping a band over a pulley set it to revolving with great rapidity. While it was thus revolving, he brought up first one tool and then another to act upon the two ends of it,—first upon one end and then the other—and turned a small portion at each end round and smooth. All this was done in a very few minutes, and then Cornelius took the axle-tree

and carried it back to the bench,—the whole party of spectators following him.

In the same way he carried other parts of the wheelbarrow to different machines, and had tenons and mortises cut upon and in the bars and pieces,—having previously marked out the places where they were to be cut, and the dimensions of them. Then he brought the parts all back to the bench and fitted them together, gluing the joints, and securing them also with wooden pins. He also rounded the end of the handles, and made them feel very smooth to Johnny's hands. Thus, in about as little time as it has taken me to describe the operation, the wheelbarrow was complete,—that is, the wheelbarrow *frame*, for there was no box upon it to serve as a receptacle for a load. The men thought that Johnny wanted his wheelbarrow chiefly for the pleasure of wheeling the wheelbarrow itself, and not for the purpose of wheeling anything in it. So they only made what was essential to the operation of wheeling, in order to save time, and to give Johnny the use of it as soon as possible. They thought it very probable that Johnny would come back in a few days, to have a box put upon his wheelbarrow, so that he might wheel things in it.

When it was ready Cornelius set it down upon the floor, and delivered it into Johnny's hands. Johnny took hold of the handles and began trund-

ling it along. He was delighted to find that he could move so big a thing so easily along the floor, and ran off with his acquisition toward the door, followed by Sarah, who had to walk quite fast to keep up with him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WATERFALL.



SOON after this, Juno and the two children left the shop and went on to continue their walk. They stopped for a few minutes opposite to the waterfall, at a place where they could stand pretty near, and watch the water as it glided smoothly over the brink, and plunged into the roaring and foaming abyss below.

‘What makes the waterfall so straight and level?’ asked Georgie.

‘I don’t know,’ replied Juno.

Georgie supposed that the waterfall was made by a ledge of rocks, running across the river, and wondered why the line of the water was not irregular and broken, instead of being, as it was, very straight and smooth.

‘I should think the rocks would make it rough,’ said Georgie.

‘Oh, it is not the rocks, it is the dam,’ said Louisa. ‘There is a wooden dam there, with a long timber on the top of it. Sometimes in the

last part of the summer, when the water is low, it does not run over the dam at all, and then we can see the timber all along.'

'But how could they make a timber dam in the middle of such a deep river?,' asked Georgie.

Louisa did not know, and Juno said that *she* did not know.

'And where does all the water come from,' asked Georgie, 'to run here so fast all the time? I should think it would all run by.'

'It comes from the rains up country, I suppose,' said Juno.

'Does it rain all the time up country?' asked Georgie.

'No,' said Juno. 'Of course it does not rain all the time.'

'Then what makes the water come down all the time?' asked Georgie.

'I suppose that some of it comes from swamps and springs,' said Juno.

Georgie seemed satisfied with this answer, and did not inquire how there came to be such an inexhaustible supply in the swamps and springs.

After a little time they walked on. They came soon to another path which led along the bank of the river, but here the water, instead of rushing along, roaring and foaming on its way, as they had seen it below the falls, was calm and smooth, like a placid lake.

‘What makes the water so much more smooth and still up here than it was below?’ asked Georgie. ‘There is just as much water to go, up here, as there is down there; isn’t there?’

‘Of course there is,’ said Juno. ‘For there cannot be any down there but what goes by here.’

‘Then why don’t it hurry along,’ said Georgie, ‘so as to keep up?’

‘I am sure I don’t know,’ said Juno.

Juno never pretended to know when she did not know, and so never confused Georgie’s mind by unsatisfactory explanations.

On the other side of the river from where Juno and the children were standing, there was a mill for sawing logs up into boards, and at the upper end of this mill was a large open space like a great door, and from this opening there was a sloping platform leading down to the water. All around the bottom of this platform lay a great many logs afloat, and while Juno and the children were standing on the bank, Georgie, in looking in that direction, saw two logs, side by side, slowly creeping up this platform. He was very much astonished at this spectacle—logs creeping up a long slope by themselves—and with no man near. He called out suddenly to Juno and Louisa to look.

‘See!’ said he. ‘There are two logs going up into the mill by themselves.’

‘No,’ said Louisa. ‘They are not going up by

themselves. The men in the mill are pulling them up by a great chain. Don't you see the chain ?'

By looking more closely Georgie saw a chain extending from the upper end of the logs up the slope into the mill. But the force acting upon this chain to draw the logs up, was not, as Louisa's language might seem to imply, that of the men. The farther chain was wound round a great windlass, and this was made to revolve by means of the machinery of the mill, which was driven by the great water-wheel, which, in its turn, was impelled by the rushing of the water against its floats. Thus it was the weight of the falling water of the river that really supplied the force by which the logs were drawn up.

There were some men in a boat among the logs, which were lying about the foot of the slide up which the logs had been drawn. They seemed to be pushing the logs about. At last one of the men stepped out from the boat, upon the logs, and began to walk along upon them, stepping from one to the other as they lay in the water. He had a long slender pole in his hands, with which he pushed the logs this way and that. Georgie thought that he would certainly fall into the water ; but Louisa said there was no danger. They were used to it, she said.

'I know the men very well,' she said. 'One

of them is my uncle. They will come over here if I call them, and take us across in their boat ; and then we can go into the mill and see them draw up the logs.'

'Well,' said Georgie, looking up to Juno's face, 'let's do it.'

Juno shook her head.

'What if we should be carried over the dam ?' said she.

So saying, she pointed to the edge of the waterfall, only a little way below them, where they could see the water gliding over the top of the dam in a smooth, thin, and glistening sheet.

'Oh, there is no danger of going over the falls,' said Louisa. 'The water is not deep enough there on the edge. If the boat should go down there it would be stopped. The men go there very often to get logs that get caught on the dam. Besides, there is no danger of our being carried there. The men can keep the boat away very easily.'

'So you see that's no reason,' replied Georgie, 'and we'd better call them.'

'No,' said Juno, shaking her head. 'I did not mean that as the reason why we could not go. I only asked the question what we should do if we *should be* carried over the falls.'

'Then I don't see why we can't go,' replied Georgie.

'That's very natural,' said Juno. 'I think if I

were a boy as young as you, I should not see any reason ; but being a girl, and so much older, it does not seem to me to be a good plan ; and you remember that the agreement was that it was *my* reason and judgment, and not yours, that was to guide and govern on this journey.'

'Then I think you ought to tell me the reason why you are not willing to go,' said Georgie, speaking in rather a complaining tone.

'So I ought,—and I will,' said Juno, 'but not now. This is not a good time or place. I'll tell you this evening if you remind me. But, Louisa,' added Juno, turning to Louisa, 'is there not some other way of getting over to the mill, besides going across the water in a boat?'

'Oh, yes,' said Louisa, 'we can go round by the bridge. But that is a good deal further.'

'No matter for that,' replied Juno. 'It will be a pleasant walk for us over a bridge. Let's go. You can show us the way.'

CHAPTER XII.

ILL-HUMOUR.



GEORGIE was a little out of humour at not being allowed to go in the boat, and was for a moment inclined to be silent, and almost sullen. The best way in such a case is not to scold the child for his sullenness, nor even to take much notice of it ; but first to allow a little time for the irritation to subside, and then gently and cautiously to do something to divert his attention from the subject. A child is not to blame for feeling disappointed when he cannot have what he has set his heart upon, nor is it possible for him to avoid feeling a little vexed when thus disappointed. The true course to pursue in all such cases is gently to turn the current of thought, as soon as possible, so as to prevent the cherishing of ill-humour from becoming a habit of the mind.

Juno observed that Georgie was so disturbed in mind at his disappointment, that if she had asked him if he would not like to go over the bridge, he would very likely have said no. And if she had

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said anything to him directly, or made any proposal with the intention of diverting his thoughts, he would probably have remained unmoved, and refused to be comforted. So Juno did not say anything to him, nor even move immediately to go toward the bridge ;—but left him to himself, as if she did not observe that anything was the matter with him. She turned to Louisa, and said,—

‘Louisa, do you think we could throw any of these sticks or pieces of board out far enough into the water, to make them sail down, and go over the dam?’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Louisa. ‘I’ve done it myself many a time.’

‘Let us try,’ said Juno.

So she picked up a long stick and gave it to Louisa to throw. Louisa succeeded pretty well, but girls are not usually so dexterous in throwing sticks and stones, as boys, though in respect to many other things they are a great deal more dexterous. The stick, however, fell into the water at some little distance from the shore, and began to float slowly down, toward the falls. Georgie said nothing, but stood motionless, watching the stick as it glided slowly along. His mental irritation was slowly subsiding, and giving place to the new feeling of interest which he felt in watching the stick.

Very soon the stick reached the brink of the

fall, and gliding on, it balanced itself a moment, and then pitched over and disappeared.

‘Good!’ said Juno. ‘Let’s try another. Here’s a piece of board that would do nicely, but I am afraid that it is too big for us to throw.’

‘I can do it,’ said Georgie, suddenly brightening up, and coming to the place. ‘I can throw it. Let *me* have it.’

It is needless to say that Georgie’s ill-humour was now all over. Juno’s system of management had succeeded perfectly.

After throwing several sticks and pieces of board into the water, the whole party returned down the river toward the bridge, and then went over the bridge to the other side. They amused themselves there for some time, watching the men on the logs and in the boat, and observing the great windlass in the mill, as it slowly turned round and wound up the chain, which, at its lower end, was fastened to the logs, and so drew them in, two or three at a time, up the incline.

After a while they went down to the landing-place for the boat, which was at the margin of the water, just above where the logs were lying. The men in the boat came to this landing after they had finished their work upon the logs, and one of them got out. The other, who was an elderly man, of a very sedate and serious air and manner, smiled when he saw Louisa, and said, ‘I am going right

across in my boat, and you can go with me, if you like, instead of going round by the road. There is plenty of room here for all of you.'

Louisa looked up at Juno for an answer.

'We should like to go very much,' said Juno.

So the man, who it seems was Louisa's uncle, brought the boat up alongside a log which lay with one end upon the shore, and they all got in. They had a very pleasant sail across the river. The water was very smooth and still, though they could see it curling over the brink of the fall, a short distance below them.

'Is there never any danger that your boat might be carried over the falls?' asked Juno, speaking to the boatman.

'No,' said he, 'not when the water is as low as it is now. Sometimes in freshets, when the water is very high, there would be great danger.'

When they landed Juno thanked Louisa's uncle for their passage, and then they all turned their steps toward the tavern.

'I had my sail after all,' said Georgie, 'but I don't see why you could not let us go over in the boat, as well as come back in it.'

'I will explain it to you this evening,' said Juno, 'when we are at home, if you will remind me of it.'

Juno knew very well, what everybody might know with a little observation and reflection on the

ways of children, that when a child says to his mother or to the older brother or sister who has charge of him, 'I do not see why you could not have done this as well as that,' it is not an honest request that they make to be informed of the reason, but a mode of finding fault. They mean by 'I don't know why,' not to ask what the reason is, but to say they don't believe there is any reason, and to find fault with you for acting in an unreasonable manner. So that if you attempt to give them a reason in answer to their request, they are *predisposed* to find fault with it. Therefore, it is best in such cases not to attempt to explain the affair at the time, but to say that you will explain it afterward, if they really wish to know. This is much better than to refuse bluntly to give any reason at all. To say when a boy asks for the reason, 'Never you mind what the reason is, but just do what I bid you,' only tends to vex and irritate him, and make it more difficult and disagreeable for him to obey. It is much better to say, 'I have a good reason, and it is perfectly right for you to wish to know what it is. I cannot explain it now, but I will tell you at some other time, if you will remind me.'

That Georgie did not really care much about knowing Juno's reasons for her action in relation to going in the boat, was shown by his thinking no more about it, and not asking about it that evening.

- . He thought of it, but did not ask, saying to himself that after all he did not care.

Juno had, however, very good reasons indeed for her decisions in both cases. When the first proposal was made, the men in the boat were so distant that she could not see their faces distinctly, and so could not form any rational judgment in respect to them. For aught she knew they might be wild and gay young men who might, when they got her and the children into their boat, try to make fun by frightening them. They might do this by rocking the boat violently to and fro, or by taking them very near the brink of the fall, or by paddling away up the river and keeping them longer than they wished to stay. It is true that Louisa said that one of the men was her uncle, and Louisa was a very nice girl. But Juno knew that a very nice girl might have a very wild young man, or a very bad old man, for her uncle. So that the relationship of one of the men to Louisa was no safe ground to act upon.

Then, besides, Juno saw that the men were at work, and she did not know whether Louisa's uncle would think it proper for her to call him off from his work, to ferry her and her visitors across the river.

But afterward, when she and the children had gone across the river on the bridge, and Louisa's uncle himself invited them to go over in his boat,

and when she saw, moreover, that he was an elderly man, of sedate and grave demeanour, and knew that he had finished his work, and was going across the river himself in his boat, whether they went with him or not,—all her doubts and difficulties were removed, and she saw no longer any objection to giving Georgie a passage across the water in the boat, according to his desire.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.



UNO and Georgie went on after this two or three days more, still travelling by the river, which, however, seemed to grow smaller as they proceeded. It became narrower, shallower, and more rapid. The bridges became shorter. The waterfalls, though they were as high, if not higher than those below, were not so wide, and the quantity of water which flowed over them seemed smaller. Indeed, the river became so small at last, that the railroad passed over it, and, then, after going along a little way on the other side, came back again, on another bridge. The truth was, that the engineer, when he found that the river had become so small that he could go back and forth across it, without too much difficulty and expense in making the bridges, could have his choice for the road, on either side, where it could be made most easily; so that after going a few miles on one side, he could cross over and go a few miles on the other side, if the land were more smooth and level there.

At length, the railroad, in the direction in which they were going, came to an end. There were stages at the station all ready to take passengers farther on if any wished to go. But, although it was not much after the middle of the afternoon when they arrived, Juno had concluded not to go any farther that day. Georgie's curiosity became excited.

'Is this the end?' asked Georgie, when the train stopped.

'It is the end of the railroad,' said Juno, 'but not the end of the world.'

'Is it the end of our journey?' asked Georgie.

'That depends,' said Juno—

'Depends on what?' asked Georgie.

'Somewhat on you,' said Juno. 'But we will talk of that by-and-by.'

By this time they had got out upon the platform, and Juno sent Georgie to find which of the stages were going to a public-house in the village. Georgie came back soon, saying that all of them went there first.

'Then we can have our choice,' said Juno. 'Choose a good one for us.'

So Georgie chose the one which was most gaily painted, and he and Juno got in.

'I suppose we can give the check for our trunk to the driver when he comes,' said Juno.

'Yes,' said Georgie, and he immediately took

out his little pocket wallet, to find the check for the trunk, which Juno, in accordance with her custom of putting as much care and responsibility as possible upon him, had entrusted to his charge.

The check was not in the wallet, and Georgie began to look frightened.

‘Never mind,’ said Juno. ‘It will be of no great consequence if it is lost. We can get the trunk somehow or other, at any rate.’

Juno’s speaking thus soothed at once the incipient alarm and anxiety which was rising in Georgie’s mind, and this, indeed, was her intention in speaking as she did. The object of her journey was to promote Georgie’s health and growth, and she knew very well that, although action of every kind, both mental and bodily, that was performed in a regular and equable manner, was very beneficial,—anything that produced undue agitation or disturbance of the vital functions was injurious, and tended to prevent the healthy action of the organs affected. She could not have expressed the principle in this learned language, but she had sense enough to understand it, and to act accordingly.

Indeed, nothing disturbs the healthy action of the vital organs more than fright. I do not know but that it would be possible actually to kill a person by mere fright,—if it was made sufficiently intense and protracted. It always is more or less

injurious. Those persons, therefore, who attempt to amuse themselves by frightening people, do very wrong. They generally, however, act from thoughtlessness and inconsideration, not being aware how much mischief they may do. Frightening anybody is like giving a sudden and violent shake to a clock. It is true, you may not happen to damage the works inside in such a way as to make the injury immediately evident, but you will be very likely to have done some injury nevertheless.

Juno understood this by a kind of instinct, and so it became a habit with her in her management of Georgie, to save him as much as possible from painful agitations of every kind. And whenever she observed any emotion of fear or anxiety ready to arise in his mind, her first impulse was to soothe and quiet it.

‘Poor boy!’ she said to herself. ‘He will have worry and trouble enough that can’t be avoided, when he is a man, and I’ll save him all I can while he is a child.’

Some people might think that this was the way to prevent his ever becoming a real man. If you let him grow up, they might say, without having any care or responsibility, you only make a baby of him; and a kind of baby he will be as long as he lives.

This is in a sense true; but there is a distinction

to be made between bearing trust and responsibility, and being worried and frightened. If you plant an apple-seed and wish it to grow into a strong and healthy tree, you must let it stand in the open air, and endure the usual changes of heat and cold, and become accustomed to maintain itself against ordinary winds. But it is not necessary to let rough things run against it and chafe off the bark, or bend it over this way and that to strain the delicate pores and fibres of the stem, or mangle the roots by digging in among them with sharp tools,—by way of making it tough; that would be the way to make it tender. It would grow up weak and puny under such treatment as that. It would bear small and gnarled fruit, and would very likely be blown over by the first moderate gale of wind.

Juno understood this principle practically, though she could not put it into words. She had a feeling that to give Georgie as much liberty of action as possible, to entrust him with the care of the tickets and of the baggage, to throw upon him the responsibility of deciding such questions as came within the scope of his judgment and knowledge,—would have a salutary effect in promoting the healthy development of all his powers, and thus tend to make a man of him, instead of keeping him a baby. But when it came to anything like vexation, irritation, or fright, or any other painful

or distressing excitement of the nervous system, it seemed to her that the effect must be bad. The tendency of such chafings of a child's spirit is like that of chafings and excoriations of the bark and roots of a young tree—to derange the healthy action of the vital organs, retard the growth, and make the subject of it weak and puny, instead of vigorous and strong.

She was no doubt right in this. Children are so much injured sometimes by being frightened by something when they are young, that years pass away before they recover from it. I knew a young man twenty-five years of age, who, when he was a little boy, was frightened almost out of his senses by another boy's throwing a little green snake down his neck. The snake was perfectly harmless. He had no disposition to bite the boy, and could not have bitten him if he had wished to do it. But the boy, instead of being made manly by this exposure, was kept a baby in respect to snakes for twenty years, and for aught I know, for all the rest of his life. He could not endure to look upon a snake. Even the picture of one in a book brought suddenly before him would throw him into an agony of terror.

Just as a great chafe made in the stem of a young apple-tree, by a harrow dragged rudely against it by a heedless farmer, might make a wound that would be years in healing over, and,

perhaps, would never be healed at all,—so the fright occasioned by the snake in this case, produced an internal wound, as it were, in the brain, or in the mental organs connected with it, that was very slow to heal. Instead of hardening the boy, and making him tough and strong, and increasing his courage in the presence of snakes, it weakened him in every respect, and made a baby of him in respect to fear of snakes at least for twenty years.

Be careful, therefore, never to do anything to frighten your little brothers or sisters, when you are playing with them, or when they are under your charge,—nor do anything to vex or irritate them, or to cause them painful agitations of any kind. Give them as much to *do* as you please, and entrust them with as important responsibilities and duties as they are competent to undertake. You can increase their strength and confidence, too, by putting their courage to such tests as they can bear. For them to encounter any moderate degree of fear, which they are able to meet and overcome, will strengthen their courage. But if the fear is so strong that it *overcomes them*, it makes them more timid than before, and sometimes does irreparable mischief. If you see a little snake in the path, and encourage your little brother to come up to it, and poke it with a stick, *that* tends to make a man of him, in respect to snakes. But to come up slyly behind

him, and frighten him almost out of his senses by throwing the snake down his neck, is the way to make a baby of him, in respect to snakes, for a great many years, and, perhaps, as long as he lives.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOSIAH.



GEORGIE found the check for the trunk in one of his pockets, before the driver came to the stage door, and very glad he was to find it, notwithstanding Juno's kindness in speaking of the possible loss in a way to prevent his feeling any excessive anxiety about it.

The stage took them to a small tavern in a country village. On their way to the village, which was at some little distance from the station, Georgie asked Juno how long they were going to stay in that town.

'I think I'll let you decide that question,' said Juno.

'Well!' said Georgie. He was much pleased with being allowed to exercise so much power, and began to look around to see whether the place was pleasant enough for them to stop in it a day or two.

'You can decide now,' said Juno, 'or you can wait and see whether the hotel is a good

one, and what sort of accommodations we can have in it.'

'I'll wait till I see the hotel,' said Georgie.

Georgie was quite pleased with the hotel, rather the tavern. It was a small house, but it was very pleasantly situated in the middle of a little village. The rooms, too, that were assigned to him and Juno, were very pretty ones, and quite neatly furnished. One of them had a window opening down to the floor, and a little balcony outside. Juno let Georgie have this for his room.

Georgie went out upon the balcony and took a survey of the landscape. He saw the river at a little distance before him, though it had now dwindled to a narrow but rapid and turbulent stream. A little way above he had a glimpse of a waterfall which Georgie supposed must be caused by a dam, especially as he saw mills near it on each side, and heard the sound of machinery. One of the mills seemed to be a saw-mill.

'Yes,' said Georgie. 'I like the place very much. If you let me decide, we will stay here one day at least. We will walk all around the falls, here, and see the mills.'

Georgie then went out into the entry. He found that the entry extended through the house, and that there was a window at the farther end of it. He went to this window and saw some very high hills quite near, with steep rocky precipices

On the side toward the hotel. On seeing these mountainous summits, Georgie was confirmed in his desire to remain in that place all the next day, for he thought he should like very much to climb up to the top of some of them.

Georgie was quite inclined to go and take a walk that evening, after supper, but Juno said that it was time for them to write home to his mother. Accordingly, when supper was over, she went up into Georgie's room, and there, after moving a table into the middle of the room, she took out her writing materials, and she and Georgie spent an hour in writing.

The next morning, after breakfast, she and Georgie set out to take a walk. Juno allowed Georgie to choose the way that they should go, and he chose to go up the mountains, as he called them. They had a pretty hard climb to get to the top, especially as Georgie chose the highest peak. But they found quite a good path, and so they made the ascent without too much difficulty; and they enjoyed a magnificent prospect when they reached the summit.

They returned to the tavern in time for dinner. Afterward Georgie wished to go out again, but Juno said that she herself had had walking enough, and so she preferred to stay at home. Georgie could go, however, if he chose, and ramble about wherever he pleased, provided he did not go into

any mill, nor nearer than half the length of the room to the water in any part.

‘There are a great many safe places, I know,’ she said, ‘along the margin of the water in such towns as this,—but then there are also a great many dangerous places; and as you cannot know certainly which the dangerous places are, I would rather that you would not go near the water anywhere.’

‘But I shall not know,’ said Georgie, ‘exactly how much half the length of the room would be, measured on the ground.’

‘True,’ said Juno; ‘and so, to be sure, you had not better go any nearer than the *whole* length of the room.’

So Georgie set out on his walk, with a well-formed intention not to go nearer the water in any part than the whole length of the room, as nearly as he could estimate it.

So leaving Juno seated at a window with her book, he set forth. He walked along alone for some time, amusing himself with seeing what was to be seen, until at length he met another boy of about his own age, whose name, it proved, was Josiah, and fell into conversation with him. Josiah gave him a good deal of local information, which it interested Georgie to hear, though one would think that it was not particularly valuable,—such as informing him who lived in the several houses

that were in sight, and what their business was ; and also telling him the names of the different dogs they met, and to whom they belonged. Talking in this way the two boys rambled about together for an hour, and had a very pleasant time.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FLOATING LOGS.



At last they came to a place above the dam where there was a saw-mill, and a slide to draw up the logs. There were also a great number of logs floating in the water at the foot of it, ready to be drawn up and sawed into boards, the whole forming a scene very similar to that which they had observed in the town where they had made the acquaintance of Louisa.

‘Let’s go down and run on those logs,’ said Josiah; ‘it’s good fun.’

‘Oh, no,’ replied Georgie, ‘I should not dare to do it.’

‘There is no danger at all,’ said the boy.

While talking thus the boys had been going down toward the shore, but Georgie stopped now, thinking that he was as near the brink as the length of a room.

‘I tell you there is no danger,’ said the boy. ‘It is very easy to run on the logs,—after you get a little used to it.’

But I am *not* used to it,' said Georgie, 'and I might fall in.'

'It would not do any harm if you did,' said Josiah. 'The water is not much more than knee-deep.'

So Josiah ran on down to the shore, while Georgie stood still where he was, at the proper distance from it. Josiah stepped at once upon the logs, and began walking over them as they lay floating upon the water. The logs were about half-submerged,—that is, about one-half the thickness of each one was under the water, and one-half above, and, of course, each one sank a little deeper whenever Josiah stepped upon it. But if he stood steady it did not go *much* deeper, unless the log was quite small, or unless he stood very near the end of it. In that case, although he could step upon the log for a moment in passing, he could not remain upon it without danger of its sinking down into the water far enough to wet his feet.

So Josiah, in running about over the logs, was obliged to step quick upon the small ones, and only stand still upon the larger ones. He ran about thus for some time, Georgie watching him from the shore.

Running about over the logs in this way looked so easy and so safe for Josiah, that Georgie felt an irresistible inclination to go down and see what *he* could do.

‘But then I promised Juno that I would not go any nearer than the length of the room,’ he said to himself, or rather thought.

‘See!’ said Josiah, calling out to him. ‘A big log like this is very steady. You can walk along from one end to the other as if it was a floor.’

‘Or half the length of the room,’ continued Georgie, still musing. ‘It was *half* the length of the room. I can go a little nearer than this.’

‘And you can step on the small logs just as well, if you only step quick,’ said Josiah. ‘See!’

So saying, Josiah stepped across from one big log to another, resting his foot for a moment, on the way, upon a small log between. The small log sank a little under the pressure of his foot, but it had not time to sink, for Josiah was off from it,—he moved so quick.

‘I believe that if Juno was here,’ thought Georgie, ‘she would not have the least objection to my learning to run on logs. It must be useful to know how to do it, and she likes me to learn all kinds of useful things.’

‘You can’t possibly fall in if you try,’ said Josiah; ‘for the logs are so close together that there is no opening where you *could* fall through.’

‘And then,’ thought Georgie, continuing his musings, ‘the only reason why she was not willing that I should go near the water anywhere, was because we could not tell which were the dangerous

places. If we could know where the dangerous places were, she could not possibly have any objection to my going in the safe ones. And this place must be safe, as long as the logs are so thick together that I could not fall through between them.'

'Besides,' continued Josiah, still calling out to Georgie, 'the water is only so deep, look!'

So saying, Josiah thrust a little pole which he had in his hands down into the water between two logs, in order to show Georgie how shallow the water was. The pole went down about two feet, and there came to a sudden stop, indicating to Georgie, that that was the depth of the water.

But this indication was fallacious. There was a short branch on one side of the pole, about two feet from the end, and Josiah, who was rather a cunning boy, managed to turn the pole so that this branch should come to a *bearing*, as they say, upon the log that he was standing upon, so as to stop the pole when it had descended to a certain depth, just as if the end of it had touched the bottom. The water was really about six feet deep there,—deep enough to drown a *man*.

The action of the pole, however, as it presented itself to Georgie's observation, was precisely the same as if the end of it had touched the bottom, and so Georgie was convinced that there could be no serious danger in his going out upon the logs. The most that could happen, he thought, was that he

might get in, up to his knees, and he knew that Juno was always willing that he should take such risks as that for the sake of learning anything useful. So he advanced slowly to the margin of the water and began to step cautiously upon one of the logs.

He had some strong misgivings, it is true, that he was doing wrong. The directions that he had received were that he was not to go within a certain distance of the river. There was no exception made in respect to places that he knew were not dangerous. So he could not help feeling some self-condemnation as he went upon the logs.

The first one that he stepped upon had one end resting upon the land, and so was very steady; but the next one was afloat, and Georgie had some difficulty in balancing himself upon it. Indeed, if he had been out in the middle of the pond, standing upon the log alone, and with no other logs around him, he would certainly have lost his balance, and would have fallen into the water. But where he was, the floating logs were close together, all around him, and so when he lost his balance upon one he had only to step off upon another; and though he was at first somewhat afraid, he soon acquired confidence and skill by practice, until at length he could run about almost as freely and fearlessly as Josiah.

It was, moreover, excellent exercise for him,

and the knowledge and expertness which he acquired were of a very useful kind. Everything is useful to boys which helps them to understand and to become familiar with the action of floating bodies, and gives them courage and self-confidence,—provided it is a well-grounded self-confidence,—in themselves, and in their own powers when afloat upon the water.

But then it is not wise to gain these advantages at the expense of doing wrong.

After running about over the logs in this way for some time, the two boys returned safely to the shore, and continued their walk. An hour afterward they came back to the hotel, and Georgie went in to find Juno. He felt ill at ease, and had a great mind to tell Juno about his going upon the logs; but he did not fully conclude that he would tell her, but only that he would think about it.

When he went into the hotel Juno asked him whether his plan was to stay at that place another day, or to continue their journey. Georgie was inclined to go on, and he asked where they were to go next. Juno said that there was a map hanging up in the hall, and he could look at it, if he pleased, and find where they were, and the names of the towns on the different roads leading farther up the country, and he could, perhaps, form some judgment by the courses of the streams, and the position of the mountains, which would be the best route

for them to take. And he could also, if he liked, make inquiries at the office, or at the stable, and learn what stage routes there were to these towns, and on which road there were the best coaches and the best horses. Juno told Georgie that if he was disposed to make all these inquiries, and thus obtain the necessary information, he might decide himself which way they should go the next day, and how far.

Georgie was quite pleased with having this work to do, and he was so busy all the afternoon in studying the map and making the various inquiries which Juno had suggested, that he had no time to think about the question whether he had better tell Juno about having been upon the logs.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DISOBEDIENT MIDSHIPMAN.



SO far as giving Juno information in regard to his going upon the logs was concerned, it was not necessary that Georgie should tell Juno what he had done, for she knew all about it. The truth *was*, that after remaining for an hour and a half in her room at the tavern reading her book, she at last became, in a great measure, rested from the fatigue of the mountain ascent which she had made in the morning, and was beginning to be, moreover, tired of reading; and so she concluded that she would put on her bonnet and go and take a little walk in the village.

‘Perhaps I may meet Georgie somewhere,’ she said to herself, ‘and we can come home together.’

So she walked along through the village, amusing herself by the various sights and scenes which met her eyes as she went, when suddenly, as she came round a corner by the mill, she saw two boys running on the logs, and on looking a second

time she perceived, much to her surprise, that one of them was Georgie.

At first she was quite alarmed. Some persons under such circumstances would have called the boy off from the logs at once, in a loud and peremptory manner, and would have given him a sharp scolding on the spot. But this was not Juno's way.

She stood still a moment looking at Georgie, and, to be honest about it, I must confess that she felt a little pride to see how well he could balance himself, and with what agility he could skip from one log to another, not resting his weight long enough on the small ones to cause them to sink too deep into the water, before he was off to the next one. For this was after Georgie had been for some time playing on the logs, and just before he and Josiah were ready to come back to the shore.

Her first feeling, as I have said, was alarm ; the next was that of sadness, to think that Georgie should have so betrayed the confidence which she had placed in him. She stood a moment where she was, silent and motionless, and then seeing that Georgie and the other boy came off the logs, and began to go away in another direction, she turned round and walked slowly and mournfully home.

Her confidence in Georgie was impaired—that is, weakened and made less—by what she had seen ; but still it was not *very much* impaired, because her

confidence in him before was not an exaggerated and undue confidence, but only that moderate and qualified trust which is all that can ever reasonably be reposed in children of Georgie's age. She knew that he was a very trustworthy and honest boy, as boys go ; but she did not suppose that he was proof against any conceivable temptation. She knew at once, or at least she supposed, that the boy who was with him had enticed him to go upon the logs against the orders that he had received ; and that there had probably been a conflict within him before he yielded to the temptation. This conflict was between the principle of obedience, his sense of obligation in respect to duty, and other such sentiments which were yet in an embryo and tender state, in his mind, on the one side, and on the other the appetite for visible and tangible pleasures, the love of excitement, the desire of imitating the actions and exploits of those a little older than himself ; all of which had acquired a very advanced degree of development within him, and were in full and impetuous action. Of course it was to be expected that the immature and half-developed sentiments and principles would be sometimes overcome by the full-grown and impetuous appetites and desires. Thus, although she was very sorry for Georgie's fault, and her confidence in him was *somewhat* impaired, the incident made no great change in her opinion of him. She did not think

it her duty to scold him or to punish him, but to consider calmly how she might make the incident conducive to the growth and the strengthening of those principles on which the power of resisting and overcoming such temptations depends.

Georgie was certainly guilty of disobedience, but then there are three different kinds of disobedience, or rather three different grades of this fault, and Juno knew that Georgie's disobedience in this case was not the worst kind. In fact, she never thought distinctly of there being three grades, somewhat distinct from each other. But she had a feeling that Georgie's going upon the logs as he did, though an act of disobedience to orders, was not nearly so bad as it would have been if she had been with him at the time, and had then positively forbidden his going upon the logs, and he had said he *would go*, and had gone notwithstanding her prohibition given on the spot. That would have been open, avowed, and wilful refusal to obey. This was something very different.

There seem to be three kinds, as I have already said.

1. The first is a direct and positive refusal to obey a command at the time that it is given. It is an act of open rebellion against the authority giving the command, and a defiance of it.

2. The second is such a case as Georgie's, where a person is led by peculiar circumstances

and temptations to deviate from orders previously given, without any actual and rebellious refusal to obey.

3. The third is when, by inattention and carelessness, a boy does not retain his orders in his mind, and so fails to obey them, without being actually aware at the time that he is disobeying.

A young midshipman at sea was guilty of all these three forms of disobedience in one single transaction. A midshipman, as I suppose most of my readers understand, is a young man who goes on board a man-of-war to learn the art of managing and commanding a vessel. There are usually several of them on board of every man-of-war. They spend a part of their time in study, and they are often employed by the superior officers in the command of boat expeditions, and in the discharge of other duties such as come within their powers. They are often called middies.

The middy whom I am speaking of was named Markham. He was a very turbulent and insubordinate fellow. One day when he was in a certain part of the ship out of the way, playing chequers with some of his companions, an order came down to him from the lieutenant in command on deck, to come to him to receive directions for going ashore in a boat. He said to the boatswain who brought the order, 'I won't come; and you may tell him so.'

On a moment's reflection, however, thinking it might be somewhat dangerous for him to send such a message as this, he said,

'No; don't tell him that; but tell him I am not here.'

So saying, he rose from his seat and went down a hatchway into another part of the ship.

This was the first and worst kind of disobedience, a direct and open refusal to obey a special and positive command.

Markham, however, did not persist in this disobedience. He did not dare to do it. So he passed round another way and went to the lieutenant, and the lieutenant gave him his orders. He directed him to get out a boat, and take four sailors to row it, and go up the harbour to the town, and there deliver a letter to the commander of the fort, and on his way back to call at the post-office to see if there were any letters. He directed him, moreover, to go up on the east side of Egg Island—which was a small island in the middle of the channel—for the way on the west side, the lieutenant said, though nearer, was dangerous on account of the shoals when the tide was low.

'And be sure,' said the lieutenant, 'not to forget to call at the post-office on your way back, to see if there are any letters for this vessel.'

Now, the midshipman was in very ill-humour, and he paid very little attention to the directions

which the lieutenant gave him. He was very unwilling to go in the boat, and so he went sullenly. When he came to Egg Island, he looked at the two passages, and said to himself, 'The tide is not low enough to make it dangerous on the west side, and so I'll go that way, because it is nearer. The only reason why he ordered me to go up the east side is because he thought it would be dangerous.'

So he turned the boat into the west passage.

Here was the second act of disobedience, but it was not so direct, and positive, and wilful an act as the first would have been if he had persisted in it. This was like Georgie's disobedience in going upon the logs.

The third act of disobedience was in reference to the post-office. He delivered the letter to the commander of the fort, and then, after doing some errands for himself in the town, he went back to the boat, without thinking of the post-office at all. He had paid so little attention to this part of the lieutenant's command, that he forgot the letters entirely. This was in one sense an act of disobedience, for the direction which the lieutenant gave him—to *be sure not to forget* to call at the post-office—was in effect an order that he should pay particular attention to it, and charge his mind with it specially, so as to *prevent* his forgetting it; and this he did not do, because he felt ill-natured and unsubmitive.

Thus he committed three several acts of disobedience on the same day, and in the course of the same affair, which three acts were examples, respectively, of the three different kinds of disobedience which we often see in children; all blame-worthy, each in its own degree, the first being more blame-worthy than the second, and the second than the third.

Georgie's disobedience in going upon the logs, you will easily see, was of the second kind.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOING TO BED.

WHENEVER your conscience reproaches you with having committed a fault, the very best thing that you can do is to go and confess it, and the very best time to confess it is the very first moment that you have an opportunity to do it. That is not merely the best time, it is the easiest time. The longer you put it off the harder you will find it to do.

Georgie put off acknowledging the fault which he felt conscious that he had committed, and so did not acknowledge it at all. He was so busy during the afternoon and evening in making inquiries about the route to be taken the next day, that he did not think much about the wrong that he had done, though it came sometimes into his mind, and made him feel guilty and uncomfortable. Finally, when bed-time came, and he had undressed himself and had got into bed, and was waiting for Juno to come and tell him a story, and hear him say his prayers, and take away his light, he felt uneasy in mind, though he scarcely knew what made him feel so.

Juno perceived when she came in that there was an expression of anxiety and care upon his countenance, and he seemed more than usually unwilling that she should go away and leave him alone.

Juno perceived that he seemed restless and disquieted, and she said, after talking with him some time in her usual manner,—

‘It seems to me that you don’t seem quite so happy to-night as usual.’

‘I—don’t—know,’ said Georgie, speaking slowly and hesitatingly.

‘Sometimes when a boy at night is going to bed, and does not feel contented and happy in mind, it is on account of something that he has done during the day that is not right. I used to notice that myself, when I was a little girl.

‘And there is one thing that is quite curious about it,’ continued Juno, after a brief pause.

‘What is that?’ asked Georgie.

‘Sometimes,’ replied Juno, ‘you feel unhappy at night, on account of some wrong thing that you have done during the day, when you can’t even remember what the wrong thing is. The unhappiness lasts after the thing that caused it is forgotten.’

Georgie seemed to be thinking, but he did not answer.

‘I think that is rather curious,’ said Juno.

‘So do I,’ said Georgie.

‘The best way is to think till we find out what

it is, and then get it forgiven. After that we feel happy again. We can always have it forgiven by confessing it to God, and asking him to forgive us for Christ's sake.

'So when I have gone, I advise you to think about what you have done to-day, and see if there is not something that you have done that is wrong. When you have thought what it is, confess it in a prayer that you can whisper to God, and ask Him to forgive you for Jesus' sake, who died for us on purpose that we might be saved from our sins and forgiven for them when we are sorry for them and ask to be forgiven.'

Georgie listened attentively, but did not speak.

'There is another way,' said Juno, 'if you think it would be any better. Instead of asking God to forgive you for Jesus' sake, you can, if you choose, ask Him to forgive you for your own sake. You can think of all the good things you have done during the day, and ask God to forgive you for the wrong thing for the sake of all the good things,—if you think that would be the best way.'

'No,' said Georgie, 'I don't think that would be the best way. I'd rather ask Him to forgive me for Jesus' sake.'

'So would I,' said Juno. 'I think that would comfort you a great deal more. It does me. I don't think it would comfort me at all to ask God to forgive my sins for the sake of the good things I

had done. So all you have to do is to confess your sins to God, and ask Him to forgive you for Jesus' sake, and then you won't have to think any more about it.'

So Juno kissed Georgie and bade him good-night, and went into her own room; though she left the door open between Georgie's room and hers. Georgie was still for some time, and then at length Juno heard him calling to her. She went into his room, and sat down at the head of his bed. He said he knew what he had done that was wrong, and that he had confessed it to God, and had prayed to God to forgive him for Jesus' sake, but he also wished to tell her about it. So he related to her the facts about his disobeying her and going upon the logs.

'Never mind,' said Juno; 'if you have confessed it to God sincerely, and have asked Him to forgive you for Jesus' sake, it is forgiven, and I have nothing to do with it. Neither have you after this. It is forgiven; and you never need think about it any more. So shut up your eyes and go to sleep, and to-morrow we will have a very pleasant journey up the country in the stage.'

So Georgie turned his head over upon his pillow and went to sleep with a light and happy heart.

Juno, you must understand, had not much idea of the *theory* of the doctrine of the atonement, nor, in fact, of any of the speculations and systems of

the theologians in respect to divine truth. She took a very practical view of all these things. It was enough for her that she found more relief and comfort in asking forgiveness for Christ's sake, than in asking for it on account of any goodness of her own, and that consequently the idea of regarding the Saviour as standing in some sense or other in her stead, was an idea adapted to her spiritual nature, and to her spiritual wants,—and she acted accordingly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUGUSTUS.



ONE afternoon during the progress of the journey which Juno and Georgie made together, Georgie took it into his head to go a fishing.

‘There is a boy out here who has got some nice fishing-tackle,’ said he.

‘And will he go a fishing with you?’ asked Juno.

‘No,’ replied Georgie, ‘he says he cannot go with me, but he will lend me his fishing-pole and things. And there is no danger of my going alone, for the river has become so small now that there is no place in it deep enough to drown me if I got in.’

The river had, indeed, by this time dwindled to quite a small stream,—tolerably broad, it is true, in many places, and rapid,—but running over beds of gravel and sand, where it was so shallow that the water seemed nowhere more than a foot deep.

‘But you won’t catch any fish, I suppose,’ said Juno, ‘unless you can find some deep holes.’

‘No,’ replied Georgie, hesitatingly, and with a thoughtful look. ‘I did not think of that.’

‘You had better go and inquire if there is any place to go a fishing that is safe for a boy as old as you to go alone,’ added Juno.

Juno was in the habit of sending Georgie to execute all kinds of commissions, and to make all kinds of inquiries, in order to let him become accustomed to doing business with people, and thus to acquire confidence and skill.

There was a small piazza on one side of the house, with access to it from a door in the back part of the entry. The piazza looked out upon a garden, and was a very pleasant place to sit in, during the cool of the day. There were steps leading down from it, and a path from the foot of the steps to the garden-gate.

There was a young man whom they called Augustus, who was reading on this piazza when Georgie went up to ask Juno about going a fishing. He was about nineteen years of age. He was a college student, and was at home on a vacation. He was the son of the tavern-keeper. He had spoken once or twice, in a very friendly manner, to Georgie, and had become somewhat acquainted with him. So Georgie determined to ask him about the fishing.

Augustus heard Georgie's question, and then asked,—

‘What is the name of that girl that has the care of you?’

‘Juno,’ said Georgie.

‘She must be a pretty nice girl,’ said Augustus, ‘for your mother to put you under her charge for such a long journey.’

‘She is,’ said Georgie, ‘she is a very nice girl, indeed.’

‘Well, go and tell her,’ said Augustus, ‘that there might be some danger of your getting into some deep hole in the river, or, perhaps, even of getting lost in the woods, if you were to go alone; but that I will go with you if she likes. I am only reading this book of engineering, and I can take it with me, and read just as well on the bank of the river as here.’

‘What kind of a book is a book of engineering?’ asked Georgie.

Instead of answering this question, Augustus turned over the leaves of his book to show Georgie the pictures that were in it. They were generally diagrams, and drawings of machinery, and other such pictures, possessing very little interest for Georgie. He was much more interested in the plan of having Augustus go a fishing.

So he went back to Juno's room and reported Augustus' answer.


‘That is just what I was going to propose myself,’ said Juno. ‘But it will be much better for you to go with Mr Augustus. You will learn something very useful from him, I have no doubt. He is probably quite a learned man.’

Georgie thought himself that Augustus must be a learned man, by his being engaged in his vacation in reading, for entertainment, a book on engineering.

So Georgie procured the fishing apparatus, and then he and Augustus set out together. Georgie carried his fishing-pole over his shoulder, and Augustus his book of engineering under his arm.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SAND-MILL.

UGUSTUS and Georgie walked along a little way, and then turning aside from the main road, they climbed over, or rather through, a gap in the stone wall, and then followed a path along the bank of the river. As they went they fell into conversation.

‘Is that book interesting that you are reading?’ asked Georgie.

‘Yes,’ replied Augustus. ‘It is very interesting indeed.’

‘What is it about? What is engineering?’ asked Georgie.

‘It is about building bridges and dams, and planning railroads, and cutting tunnels through rocks, and making embankments, and all such things, that are done by engineers,’ said Augustus.

‘I thought the workmen did all those things,’ said Georgie.

‘The workmen do the work,’ said Augustus, ‘but the engineers plan it all beforehand, and make

the drawings, and give the workmen the directions.'

'I don't think the pictures are very pretty,' said Georgie; 'at least not any that I saw.'

'The beauty is not in the pictures,' said Augustus, 'but in the ideas and thoughts they afford to the mind.'

'I don't see how there can be any beauty in a thought,' rejoined Georgie.

'Why, yes,' said Augustus. 'For example: once I knew a boy who sawed a thin board by means of sand. He used his own force to saw the board, but he did not touch the saw. He conveyed his force to the saw by the sand, and that only by lifting it up.'

'How did he do it?' asked Georgie.

'He made a fine saw out of a watch spring,' said Augustus, 'by filing very fine notches in it, and then stretched the saw in a frame. Then he connected the upper part of the frame with a crank, by means of a bar about a foot long, so that when the crank turned the saw would be moved up and down, just as it does in an actual saw-mill. There were grooves for the frame to move up and down in. Do you understand it so far?'

'Pretty well,' said Georgie. 'I could understand it better if I could see a picture of it.'

'That is just the kind of pictures there are in my book,' said Augustus; 'showing me how a

great many curious things are made, and helping me to understand them. But about the saw that the boy made; the crank was on an axle that had a great wheel upon it so big.'

So saying, Augustus held his hands out about a foot apart, to show Georgie how big the wheel was.

'This wheel was made like a water-wheel,' continued Augustus, 'only it had little compartments to catch the sand in, all around the edge of it. So if the sand fell into the compartments on one side it made the wheel on that side heavier, and weighed it down; but then as soon as each compartment reached the bottom, and turned to go up on the other side, the sand all ran out, and the compartments went up on that side bottom upwards. So that as long as sand was poured into one side of the wheel, that side was loaded all the time, but the compartments unloaded themselves when they turned at the bottom, and so went up light. This kept the wheel all the time turning so long as the sand continued to be poured in.'

'Yes, but where did the sand come from?' asked Georgie.

'That is what I'm going to tell you,' said Augustus. 'The boy made a large box, large enough to hold about half a bushel, and this box he fixed up against the wall, just over his little saw-mill. There was a hole in the bottom of this

box with a sliding-door to shut it, and a kind of spout outside to guide the sand down into the buckets of the wheel.'

'You said they were compartments,' said Georgie.

Yes,' replied Augustus, 'I called them compartments, but people commonly call them buckets, because such wheels are usually made to be driven by water instead of sand, so buckets is the most appropriate name for them.'

'I think so too,' said Georgie.

'Now, the boy used to lift up the sand and put it into the upper box. You see, there was another box under the wheel to catch the sand when it fell out from the buckets of the wheel. When this lower box became full, the boy would lift it up by main strength, and empty it into the upper box. Then he would open the sliding-door, and the sand would run out into the buckets of the wheel, and make the wheel turn round. The axle of the wheel, by means of the crank, made the saw move up and down through a slit in a little board fixed like a table about midway of the saw, and the boy, by holding small and thin pieces of wood against the saw while it was moving, could saw them quite well. Now, shouldn't you like to see a picture of that sawing-machine?'

'Yes,' said Georgie; 'very much.'

'Well, the pictures in my book are all of that

kind,' replied Augustus ; 'showing how various forces operate, and how they change from one form into another. You see that the particles of the wood were cut away by the force with which the teeth of the saw were driven through the wood, and the saw was driven by the force of the crank, and the crank was carried round by the force of the wheel, and the wheel was carried round by the force of the falling sand, and the falling force of the sand came from the boy's having lifted it up. So it was the boy's force after all, which really cut out the little chips which the teeth made, though it had to go through all these changes before it reached the saw. Thus the boy was really sawing the wood by lifting sand.'

'That's funny,' said Georgie.

'I don't know that there is anything particularly funny about it,' said Augustus, 'but it is very curious.'

'That is what I mean,' said Georgie.

'I don't suppose that he could saw the wood very fast,' added Georgie.

'No,' replied Augustus, 'there was not force enough for that. There was no force, you see, to drive the saw-teeth through the wood except what was given out by the descending sand, and there was no force in the sand but what the boy put into it by lifting it into the upper box against gravitation.'

'Against what ?' asked Georgie.

‘Gravitation,’ replied Augustus ; ‘that is to say, the *weight* of it. He had to lift it while the weight of it was all the time pulling it down, so he lifted it against the weight of it. All the weight that there was in it he had to overcome by his strength in lifting it. I suppose he lifted it about five feet. So the force which he put into the sand was as much as its weight in descending five feet, which was not much, considering that his box of sand did not hold more than half a pailful. He might have made his mill large enough, and his saw big enough, to do a great deal more work, provided he was willing to carry up sand enough. It could not possibly do any more work than there was weight in the sand coming down in the buckets of the water-wheel. This could not be much, and so there could not be anything but a play saw-mill made to go by sand, which the miller himself had to carry up to the top of the wheel, to furnish force in descending.

‘But almost all real saw-mills,’ continued Augustus, ‘are made on substantially the same principle as this, only instead of sand they use water to make the wheel go round, and the sun does the lifting for them.’

‘The sun,’ exclaimed Georgie, quite surprised.

‘Yes,’ said Augustus. ‘I’ll explain that to you by-and-by. But now, here is a good place for you to begin your fishing. There is a deep hole along

there, under those bushes, where I used to catch fishes when I was a boy. You can go and try your luck there a little, if you like. And here is a good place, on these flat-topped rocks, where I can sit down in the shade, and go on with my reading.'

'Well,' said Georgie, 'I'll do it. But first tell me what was the name of the boy who made the sand-mill.'

'His name was Augustus,' replied Augustus.

'Augustus!' repeated Georgie. 'Why that's your name.'

'Yes,' said Augustus, 'I was the very boy.'

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUN AT WORK.



CEORGIE had pretty good luck with his fishing, and he became so much interested in it, that he did not come to hear Augustus' explanation of the sun's lifting water to carry mills, until it was time to go home.

When at length they set out on their return the subject was resumed. Augustus said that he did not understand it all perfectly himself, but this he knew, that the force which there was in the heat which comes from the sun and shines upon the sea, separated the particles of water from each other so as to change the water into vapour; and that then having become so much lighter it rose into the air. Thus it was by the force coming from the sun that the water was carried up into the air.

'Thus you see,' said Augustus, 'it is by the power of the sun that the water is lifted up from the sea into the air, just as it was by my power that the sand for my mill was lifted into the upper box.'

‘Well,’ said Georgie, ‘and now about its coming down.’

‘Yes,’ said Augustus, ‘that is the next thing,—about its coming down. You see the heat of the sun separates the particles of water to change it into vapour, and so the heat goes up with it in the vapour; but when it gets up where the air is cold, and especially over the cold tops of the mountains, the heat leaves it, and lets the particles of vapour come together again, and then they form drops of water, and fall.’

‘I don’t understand it very well,’ said Georgie.

‘Neither do I,’ said Augustus. ‘That is, I don’t understand clearly about the heat of the sun being in the vapour when it is going up into the air. But we can understand it so far as this, that it is entirely by the force there is in the heat of the sun that the vapours are raised from the sea, and drifted through the air to the tops of the mountains. And there the heat leaves them, and lets the water fall.’

‘But then,’ continued Augustus, ‘you must now understand that *all* the water raised in this way goes to the tops of the mountains. It goes all over the world, and the heat which is carried up leaves it, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another. But wherever the heat leaves it, vapour turns again into water and falls. Some it falls upon the plains and valleys of the land

Some falls back again into the sea. But a great portion drifts through the air till it comes to ranges of forests and mountains, and there it falls and runs down the mountain-sides in little streams and rills, which join together at last and form brooks,—and these, when they come together, form the branches of the rivers,—and these, as they run toward the sea, carry round all the water-wheels which they find on the way.

‘So you see,’ continued Augustus, ‘that the sun sends rays of heat down like messengers, to change the water into vapour and take it up, and carry it all over the world in the air; and when they come to ranges of mountains the messengers let go of the vapour, so that it becomes water again and falls.’

‘And then what do the messengers do after that,’ asked Georgie. ‘Do they go back home again, to the sun?’

‘Ah!’ replied Augustus, ‘I can’t follow them any farther. I don’t exactly know what becomes of the heat that is set free when the water is condensed in the air and falls in rain. I have not studied so far as that.’

‘Perhaps it all comes to nothing,’ said Georgie.

‘No,’ replied Augustus. ‘Nothing ever comes to nothing in this world. It only moves away to another place.’

‘Yes,’ said Georgie, ‘soap-bubbles do. I have

blown them almost as big as my head, and when they burst they all came to nothing.'

Augustus laughed, and Georgie wished to know what he was laughing at. He was afraid that he had said some very foolish thing.

But Augustus soon became serious again, and said,—

'I don't wonder it seems to you that they come to nothing. But you would find that if you hold your hand under one of them when it bursts, a little drop of water would fall upon it.'

'Only just a little sprinkle,' said Georgie.

'True, it is very little,' replied Augustus, 'but it is all the water there was in the bubble. You see, the bubble is so very thin that when it bursts, and all the water comes together, it makes only the smallest drop. But never mind that now. You have seen some of the mills along this river, I suppose?'

'Oh, yes!' replied Georgie, 'a good many of them,—and shops. There was one kind of shop where they made a wheelbarrow in a few minutes for a boy named Johnny. He was a very little fellow.'

'Well, now, it was the sun that supplied the force for making the wheelbarrow,' said Augustus, 'just as the boy who lifts the sand supplies the force for sawing, in a sand-mill. The sun takes the place of the boy, the water represents the sand.'

The sides of the mountain and the channels of the brooks and streams correspond to the slide which conducted the sand to the buckets of the wheel. Every mill or machine shop has a wheel with buckets or floats to take off the force supplied by the falling water, and so the two things are alike all the way through.'

'It is very funny,' said Georgie, 'that the sun should do the work of making a wheelbarrow.'

'Yes,' said Augustus. 'The sun supplies the force. The men and the machinery *guide* the force in such a way as to make it do the work that they require. It is one great supply of force that comes down the river, all derived in the first place from the sun. The men set wheels here and there to catch it as it passes.'

'To catch the water?' said Georgie.

'No, to catch the force,' replied Augustus. 'They do not want the water, but only the force which is contained in the motion of it. They don't want the water. They let it go as fast as they get the force out of it. The force which they get makes the wheel turn, and the axle, and all the wheels and machinery connected with it. And they employ this force for what they please. Some of it is used in sawing up logs into boards—some in turning bed-posts, broom-handles, and other round things—some in driving planing-machines and mortising-machines and circular-saws.'

'And some in making little wheelbarrows,' said Georgie.

'Yes,' rejoined Augustus, 'some in making little wheelbarrows. But, however it is employed, it all comes from the sun, which by its heat lifts up the water that does all the work by its fall. The men only direct it, and employ it for such purposes as they desire.'

Here there was a short pause. Georgie seemed to be thinking of what he had heard.

'And are those the kind of things you learn in your book of engineering?' he asked, after walking along a few minutes in silence.

'Yes,' said Augustus.

'Then,' said Georgie, 'I think that I should like the book pretty well, after all.'

When Georgie and Augustus reached home, Georgie left his fishes in the kitchen, to be fried for supper, and then, after returning the fishing-pole and line to the boy who lent it to him, he went to find Juno and make a report to her of the result of his expedition. She was quite pleased to hear that he had had so successful a time, and asked him whether he liked Mr Augustus, and whether he had learned anything new by his conversation with him. Georgie said in reply, that he liked Augustus very much, and that he had learned a great deal that he did not know before.

‘What did he tell you?’ asked Juno.

‘He told me how to make a sand-mill,’ replied Georgie. ‘He made one himself, once, that would really saw. It went by sand running down and carrying a wheel like a water-wheel.

‘And then, besides,’ said Georgie, his eyes brightening up with special animation, ‘you remember that little wheelbarrow for Johnny, in the shop where we stopped one day?’

‘Yes,’ said Juno, ‘I remember it.’

‘Well, it was the sun that made that wheelbarrow,’ said Georgie, with a look as if he was announcing something very wonderful.

‘The sun made it!’ repeated Juno.

‘Yes,’ rejoined Georgie. ‘You see, all the wheels and machinery that did the work about that wheelbarrow were carried by the water pouring into a great wheel, on its way down from the mountains to the sea. And it was the heat of the sun which lifted the water up from the sea and dropped it on the mountains. So that the force which the water gave out in falling, was that which the sun put into it in lifting it up,—or it was something like that.’

‘That’s curious,’ said Juno. ‘I never thought of it before. But then, after all, I don’t think the sun deserves quite all the credit of making the wheelbarrow. For, you see, to do such work as that

it requires not only force but skill. And if the sun furnished the force which was used in making Johnny's wheelbarrow, it was Cornelius and the other men who furnished the skill.'

'Yes,' said Georgie, 'that's it.'

CHAPTER XXI.

TWOMBLEY'S.

AFTER this Juno and Georgie continued their journey for several days, traveling only a moderate distance every day, and stopping at any pretty village or snug little country tavern that looked attractive. There was no reason for any haste, as the only object of the journey was the benefit of exercise, recreation and pleasurable excitement for Georgie, with a view to the improvement of his health.

Few persons are aware of the powerful influence that gentle and pleasurable excitement has in promoting the vigour and healthy action of all the vital organs. So powerful is it, in fact, that when the excitement is a little too great it becomes at once perceptibly injurious. As, for example, when children are about setting out upon a journey the exaltation and gladness which they feel often takes away their appetites, for the time, almost entirely.

This is an illustration, it is true, not of the

beneficial nature of the effect, but of the reality and the magnitude of it. To secure the benefit of it in the highest degree, it must not be excessive. Being very active and powerful in its operation, it must be administered, as other powerful remedies must be, in reasonable and moderate doses.

It is not improbable that the chief source of the benefit that a person recovering from sickness derives from being taken out to ride, for the first time, is in the pleasurable excitement to the nervous system that the change of scene occasions, rather than in the exercise and the air, which are the causes to which the effect is often attributed. The patient might obtain the same amount of exercise by rocking himself, or being rocked by others, in a chair, and the same air by sitting at an open window. But he would not enjoy the same pleasure, and it is the pleasure, which makes the pulse beat quicker, and gently stimulates all the other vital functions.

Juno's great aim was accordingly so to arrange the journey, that Georgie could, as she expressed it, 'have a good time.' So she allowed him to choose, in a great measure, how far he would go each day, and where he would stop. She carried this principle, in fact, to what some persons would consider an extreme.

For instance, they were one day travelling through a wild region in what the people called a

'stage,' but which was really a large open wagon, with two seats behind that of the driver. There was one other passenger besides Juno and Georgie, and he was sitting on the back seat. Juno and Georgie were on the middle seat. They had been travelling that day about twelve miles, and were both beginning to be a little tired, and yet they had eight miles farther to go before they would reach the end of the journey for the day. The road still followed the bank of the river, which had now become quite a small stream. At a certain place in the road the driver stopped to adjust something that was wrong about his harness, and while thus waiting Georgie's attention was attracted by the sight of some boys of about his age who were fishing on the bank of the river, at a remarkably pleasant place.

'Look, Juno!' said he. 'Look! What a pleasant place to go a fishing. I wish I could go a fishing there.'

'Well,' said Juno, 'I don't know but that we might stop. I'm beginning to be tired of riding, and should like to stop, very well, if there was only a tavern somewhere near here.'

But there was no tavern, nor, indeed, any other human habitation in sight. So Juno asked the driver about it.

'Is there any tavern along this road, not far from here?'

'There's Twombley's,' said the driver; 'about a mile and a half or two miles from here.'

'Should you be willing to walk two miles to get to the tavern,' asked Juno, turning again to Georgie, 'for the sake of fishing here half-an-hour?'

'Yes,' said Georgie eagerly. 'Yes, indeed.'

'And could you leave our trunks and large bag at Twombley's when you go by?' asked Juno, addressing the driver.

The driver was only too glad—since the fare was paid to the end of the journey—to be relieved of the work for his horses, of 'hauling two passengers and a trunk,' as he would have expressed it, up the long hills which intervened between Twombley's and the end of his route. So he at once assented.

'And shall you come along the road again to-morrow at this time,' asked Juno, 'so that we can go on.'

The driver's countenance fell. He began to think that he was not going to get rid of the 'hauling' after all. He, however, said that he should come the next day.

'I shall not expect that what I have paid for to-day will go for to-morrow,' said Juno, 'but shall pay the fare on from Twombley's when we go on. So you will be sure and not forget to call for us.'

It was in some sense a doubtful question whether Juno ought or ought not, by right, to pay over again the second day for the remainder of the journey, having once paid 'through.' On the one hand, it might be said that she had paid once for the whole journey, and that if she chose to reserve a portion of it for the following day, the driver ought not to require her to pay again. On the other hand, one might argue that the implied contract, when she paid her fare to the driver that morning, was that for that sum he agreed to carry her and Georgie, *on that day*, and not on parts of two days; and that if, for her convenience, she preferred to waive the performance on the driver's part of a portion of his work, she had no right to call upon him to fulfil it at any subsequent time.

Strictly speaking, the latter was undoubtedly the true view of the case, though probably the driver would not have insisted upon it, but would have allowed her, if she had requested it, to postpone a part of the journey without any additional charge. But Juno did not consider the question very closely. She saw that there might at least be some doubt on the point, and she knew that Georgie's father wished to bring up his boy in the habit of making it his rule, in all doubtful cases, in his dealings, to give the other party the 'benefit of the doubt.'

This is the true principle to guide us in our dealings with mankind. It will not only make our way through life smooth and peaceful, but will greatly tend to make it prosperous also ; for if we make it our rule to give our neighbour the benefit of the doubt in the questions which arise between us, we shall soon acquire the habit of shaping our agreements and arrangements so carefully, and making them so clear, that doubts of any kind will seldom arise.

So Juno told the driver that she would not ask him to carry them over the remainder of the route for the fare which she had already paid. She did this not only because she thought that she was not certain of her right to ask it of him, but also because the amount, she knew, would be very small, and also because she wished to make it sure that he would not forget to call for them at Twombly's on the following day.

This arrangement being made, she and Georgie descended from the wagon. She took her travelling hand-bag with her, and left the trunk and a larger bag in their place on the rack behind to go on. The driver, having adjusted his harness, mounted to his seat again, and resumed his journey ; while Juno and Georgie entered upon a little path which led from the road, and went down toward the place where the boys were fishing.

Georgie had a fishing-line in Juno's bag, and

with the help of one of the boys he cut a pole out of the bushes, and so was soon equipped. The boys gave him some bait. When he was ready to commence his fishing, Juno took a book from her bag and went to sit down in a shady place to amuse herself with reading during their stay. But the picturesqueness and the beauty of the surrounding scenery were so great, and there was such a charm for her in the flow of the water, and in the gentle murmuring sound which it emitted in rippling along among the stones at her feet, that she read very little.

After about half-an-hour, Georgie asked her if it was not time for them to go.

'No,' replied Juno. 'Not if you would like to stay longer. . You can stay just as long as you please.'

'Then I should like to stay longer,' said Georgie. 'I'm having excellent luck. I have caught seven fishes already.'

So they remained on the spot nearly an hour longer. They then set out together to walk along the road to Twombley's, Juno carrying her bag, and Georgie his string of fishes. They arrived at the tavern a little before tea-time. They found it a very pleasant place, and they both had excellent appetites for supper.

CHAPTER XXII.

FUNCTIONS OF A RIVER.



THE next day about noon the stage stopped for Juno and Georgie at Twombly's, and took them on about six miles farther, and left them there at a little village which the driver said was the end of the stage route. The village was in a wild and romantic place on the banks of the river, which had now dwindled to a shallow, but very rapid stream, and came tumbling over the rocks down a narrow valley. For the remainder of the afternoon our two travellers were very much interested in rambling about the village, and along the banks of the stream, enjoying the wild scenery and the strange aspect which the whole face of nature presented to their view.

At tea time, while they were sitting at the table in a snug little parlour which looked out upon the principal street of the village, Georgie remarked that the driver said the stage did not go any further.

'No,' replied Juno. 'We have got to the end

of the world, so far as all public conveyances are concerned.'

'And can't we go any farther?' asked Georgie.

'I suppose we might take a wagon, and go on by ourselves,' replied Juno.

'Let's do it,' said Georgie, 'and see what we come to.'

'Suppose we should get caught in the rain,' suggested Juno,—'for we should have to take an open wagon, I suppose.'

'Then we could stop at some farm-house,' replied Georgie.

'But it might be in the woods,' said Juno, 'where there was no farm-house to be seen.'

'Then I could build a camp,' said Georgie.

'I did not think of that,' replied Juno, with a smile. 'Yes; we will go,—that is, if you think that you can drive.'

'Oh, yes,' said Georgie, 'I can drive.'

Accordingly the next day Juno made arrangements with the keeper of the tavern to furnish her with a light open wagon, and a good strong but steady horse, to take them farther up the country—with the understanding that they were to be gone two or three days. She also made many inquiries in respect to the roads, especially to the one which followed the course of the stream, and to the settlers who lived in the valley. About an hour after breakfast everything was ready, and they set

out. Georgie was greatly pleased with the adventurous character of the expedition upon which they were embarking, and said that he liked it better than any other part of the journey.

The road, as soon as they left the village, began to ascend, following the margin of a deep-wooded ravine along the bottom of which the river ran—though it was now no longer a river, but only a roaring and foaming brook. In about an hour they came to a dam and a mill.

‘They set the river at work while it is very young,’ said Juno.

‘Yes,’ replied Georgie. ‘It is *very* young here.’

‘It is useful all its life,’ said Juno. ‘It begins when it is very young, working small mills to grind the wheat, or saw the boards, for the farmers among the mountains, and it continues working industriously at every place where it has an opportunity, through all its course. Toward the end, where it becomes deep and comparatively still, it floats ships and steamers in from the sea, to bring goods and passengers to the towns which lie along its banks.’

Juno was right in her judgment in respect to the industry and usefulness of the river, in the ways in which she pointed out;—but there are other ways in which it is useful which she did not think of, and, perhaps, did not know anything about.

It carries off the surplus water from the rain, which would otherwise stagnate all over the land, drowning out all useful vegetation, and filling the whole country with bogs and morasses. It collects enormous quantities of fertilizing matter—produced by decaying vegetation—from the woods and from the mountain-sides, where it does no particular good, and carrying it down into the cultivated country below, it spreads it evenly over the broad meadows which border its banks, and makes them extremely fertile in producing what is useful to man. It rolls along, moreover, upon its bed a vast quantity of mineral matter derived from the disintegration of the rocks, which creeps along continually—a river of sand and gravel below, underlying the river of water above, and is borne out to sea to form the foundation, as geologists teach, of new continents and islands, to be upheaved in future ages.

Georgie was very much interested in watching the progress of the change in the river,—now, however, little more than a brook. The road followed the bank of it, though not very closely; for sometimes the course of it deviated widely for a time from that of the road, so that once or twice, after going on for a mile or two without seeing it, Georgie would say, ‘We have lost the river.’ But Juno, in such cases, usually added, ‘We shall find it again, after a while, I think.’

And this prediction always proved true.

Not unfrequently they passed over smaller brooks, which ran into the main stream, as branches. The road crossed these streams on rude bridges made by a couple of logs laid across, at the proper distance from each other, and then planked over. Two other big logs, one on each side, were laid on the top of these planks near the edges of them, to serve the purpose of a railing. Such a barricade, for guarding the sides of the bridge, though very rude and simple, was easily made by the farmers and their boys, and was amply sufficient to prevent the wheels of the wagons from going over in dark nights,—which was all that was required.

Sometimes the road led through long reaches of silent and solitary forests, which seemed to be made more solitary still by the notes of some unknown bird, which came from time to time with a lonely and mournful sound, from the topmost branches of some tall tree in the depths of it.

‘If I were a bird in such lonesome woods as these,’ said Georgie, ‘I’d fly away.’

‘So would I,’ replied Juno, ‘or, at least, it would be a great comfort to me to think that I *could* fly away whenever I wished to.’

Juno seemed to think that there was a certain

charm in the feeling of remoteness and solitude which the scene awakened in the mind, and that she was not certain, whether, if she were a bird, she should be in great haste to escape from it after all.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TOLLMAN'S MILLS.



PERSON who has never seen one of these primitive forests, can have little idea of the emotion which the silence and solitude of the scene awakens in the mind. Georgie soon began to be quite deeply impressed by it. He began to think that he had reached about as near to the end of the world as he wished to go. He was almost inclined to propose that they should go no farther, but he did not like the idea of admitting, even to himself, that he was afraid. So he drove on, but Juno could see that he began to feel the sense of seriousness and solemnity which the scene was calculated to inspire. This feeling of awe was in a few moments greatly increased by the sound of a low rumbling, as of distant thunder, which they began to hear.

‘That’s thunder!’ said Georgie. ‘What shall we do? It would be dreadful to get caught in a thunder shower in such a place as this!’

‘Oh, no,’ said Juno. ‘We should only get

wet. That would be all. It would be troublesome and inconvenient, but there would not be anything dreadful in it. I have known little children to be so delighted in a thunder shower, that their mothers found it hard work to keep them from running out into the rain.'

Just then another low rumbling sound of thunder was heard. Georgie immediately began to chirrup to the horse, and to touch him with the whip to make him go faster. 'That's right,' said Juno. 'Make him hurry up. Tollman's Mills is the place where we are going to stop, and I see a sign that we are not a great way from it.'

'What sign?' asked Georgie.

'Ah, that's a secret!' said Juno. 'Look all about carefully, and see if you can't discover the sign of there being a saw-mill not a great way from here.'

Georgie looked forward along the road as far as he could see, and tried to get a peep through the trees, to the right or left of it. He looked down, too, into the bed of the river, which he observed was full of rounded rocks, with pools of still water here and there among them, but there was scarcely any water running.

'I see *two* signs,' continued Juno, 'though I admit that one of them is not much to be depended upon.'

Georgie, after looking about carefully in every

direction, could not see any signs of anything, he said, much less any signs of a saw-mill.

Juno then pointed down to the road where was to be seen a long and narrow track, like a smooth path made in the damp earth by the end of a big log, which had evidently been drawn along the road but a short time before.

'Yes,' said Georgie. 'That must have been a log that they were hauling to some saw-mill. But how do you know that it was not going the other way?'

Juno said that she observed where the track first came into the road, at an opening in the woods at a little distance back; and as they never hauled such logs *into* the woods, but always *out* of them, she knew that this log must have been going in the same direction with themselves.

'There were two signs that you saw,' said Georgie. 'What was the other?'

'The other was,' replied Juno, 'that the bed of the river is so nearly dry. That indicates that there is a dam above here, not a great way off, and that it stops the water.'

'Then there can't be any mill at work,' said Georgie. 'For if there were, the water would be coming through to turn the wheel.'

'True,' said Juno. 'But they may have stopped the mill for a time, and shut down the gate, in order to let the pond fill up.'

'Then what is he hauling a log to the mill for,' asked Georgie, 'if he can't saw it?'

'Perhaps,' replied Juno, 'he wishes to have it ready when the next rain comes to fill up the pond.'

It was soon proved that Juno's surmises were correct: for after going on a little further she and Georgie came, at a turn of the road, in sight of the man hauling the log. It was a large log, and was drawn by two yokes of oxen. The forward part of it was supported by a pair of wheels, while the other end dragged upon the ground, and made the track which Juno had observed.

As Georgie approached the team, the man who was driving it turned out a little to allow him to go by. When Georgie was opposite to the man, the man nodded to him by way of salutation, and Georgie, encouraged by this politeness, asked him if he thought there was going to be much of a shower.

'I hope so,' said the man. 'I hope it will be a *tremendous* shower.'

'Why so?' asked Georgie.

'Because I want my mill-pond filled up,' said the man.

Just then another peal of thunder was heard, somewhat louder than those which had preceded it. The sound seemed to indicate that the millman's hopes were likely to be realized; so Georgie drove on as fast he could.

He had not gone many steps before it suddenly occurred to him that he would have done well to have asked the man how far it was to the mills.

‘Perhaps you can ask him now,’ suggested Juno.

So Georgie stood up in the wagon, and looking back, while he checked the horse to a walk, he asked,

‘Do you know about Tollman’s Mills, sir?’

‘I rather think I do,’ said the man.

The man was, in fact, Mr Tollman himself, the owner of the mills.

‘How far is it?’ asked Georgie.

‘About a mile,’ said the man. ‘If it begins to rain before you get there, drive right into the shed, and go into the house by the back way. They’ll take care of you till I come.’

Georgie drove on fast again, and both he and Juno felt quite relieved to hear that there was shelter for them so near, as well as cheered and encouraged by the cordial tone in which the stranger addressed them. They felt already as if they had found a friend. They soon came to the place where the road began to emerge from the wood, and this brought them to a full view of the sky. They found that the whole western portion of the sky was filled with a vast expanse of dark and gloomy clouds, terminated above in rounded masses, white at the margins of them, and glittering in the sun. Georgie looked somewhat anxiously at the threaten-

ing appearances, and his eagerness to drive on was increased by seeing a distant flash now and then, followed by a prolonged reverberation of thunder. So he urged his horse onward as fast as he could.

'It is only a mile,' said Juno, 'and we shall have time to get there before it rains; and if we do not, we shall only get wet a little, and that will be no special matter. They must have a good fire at Tollman's Mills. At any rate, there seems to be wood enough in this country to make good fires.'

They soon came in sight of the village, if village it might be called, containing as it did only two dwellings; namely, Mr Tollman's and the blacksmith's. Besides these houses there were, it is true, two mills and the blacksmith's shop. There was a kind of a store, but that was in one end of Mr Tollman's house. There were two or three men that worked in the mills, but they took their meals at the blacksmith's, and slept in a loft over one end of one of the mills.

Georgie drove on faster and faster, for the cloud was rising higher all the time, and a few drops of rain were beginning to fall. As the road approached the little group of buildings he saw the mills, and near one of them was one house with an open shed attached to it. He perceived at once that that must be the place of shelter which Mr Tollman had indicated, and so he made directly for it, whipping his horse into a gallop, for it was now begin-


ning to rain fast. Juno drew out the umbrella, and spread it over their heads, which protected them in some degree, though the wind now all at once began to blow quite furiously. A bright flash was seen, followed by a loud clap of thunder, and the rain began immediately to fall faster and faster. Georgie had just time to get under the shelter of the shed, before it poured in torrents, while the branches of the trees were blown about in every direction in a most wild and tumultuous manner.

‘Good!’ said Georgie, as soon as the horse had stopped, and he had laid down the reins. ‘We just escaped it.’

Juno shut the umbrella, and she and Georgie dismounted from the wagon. Georgie fastened the horse to an iron hook in the wall over one of the mangers, on the back side of the shed. While he was doing this a sturdy-looking boy, apparently about four or five years old, appeared at a side-door, in the part of the shed which was next to the house. He had a large piece of bread and butter in his hand, and he went on eating it, gazing at Juno and Georgie all the while, with a look of mingled curiosity and unconcern, as if it was no unusual thing for him to see strangers coming in this way, but as if he liked to see them when they did come.

‘Well, Bobby!’ said Georgie.

‘My name isn’t Bobby,’ said the boy.



'What is your name then?' asked Juno.

'Johnny,' said the boy.

'Well, Johnny, then,' said Juno. 'Can you show us the way into the house?'

'You don't need any showing,' said Johnny.

'You can go right along.'

Juno laughed, and as Georgie was now ready, she told Johnny that if he could not show them the way, he might run along before them and tell the folks that they were coming.

So they followed Johnny over a small covered porch into a door which led into a kitchen. There they were met by a good-natured looking woman, who received them with a smile, and told them she hoped they had not got wet, and then led the way for them into a front room, which looked very snug and comfortable. She did not seem at all surprised to see them, nor in any way disturbed by their coming.


The truth was that though Mr Tollman did not 'keep tavern,' he 'entertained company,' whenever any came and wished to put up for the night. There was not travelling enough in that remote region for anything like a regular tavern, still as Mr Tollman owned a good deal of land in the vicinity, and was desirous of doing all he could to make it accessible, he told his wife that if she would entertain the company that might chance to come alone from time to time, she might have for her own use

—for dress and other such expenditures—all the money that she should receive.

So Mrs Tollman was always glad to see strangers coming, and this was one reason why she was ready to give Juno and Georgie so corlial a reception.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STORMY NIGHT.

N the mean time the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind blew with great violence, filling the air with flying scuds of spray, and with leaves and broken branches which it tore from the trees. After a few minutes, however, the extreme fury of the blast seemed to exhaust itself, but the rain continued to pour down in profusion, filling the road with pools of water and with running streams, which began to meander about in every direction through all the channels by which they could find their way down to the river.

In a few minutes Mrs Tollman came into the room with a pan of coals, and lighted a fire. She said that her husband would be at home in a short time, and that he would take care of their horse. Juno said that she was afraid he would get very wet.

‘Oh, he won’t care anything for that,’ said Mrs Tollman, ‘so long as he can have rain for his crops, and to fill up his mill-pond. He has a great deal

of work to do in his mills, and it has all been stopped now for some weeks, for want of water.'

Before long Mr Tollman came. He was drenching wet, but his countenance was radiant with smiles of satisfaction. He did not come into the room where Juno and Georgie were, though he nodded to them, by way of recognition, as he went by the window.

Mrs Tollman came in herself very soon, and said that her husband was going to put up the horse.

'I do not ask,' said she, 'whether you wish to stay all night because you will be obliged to do it, whether you wish to or not, for you cannot go away in this rain. I'm glad for my sake that you are going to stay, though I am sorry on your account if you wished to go farther.'

Juno said, in reply, that they had no wish at all to go any farther, and were only too glad to find such comfortable and pleasant quarters. She then explained to Mrs Tollman the circumstances under which they were travelling, and said that they would like not only to stay there that night, but to remain for a large part if not the whole of the following day. Thus all parties were perfectly satisfied.

The rain continued at intervals for some hours, but Juno and Georgie spent the time very pleasantly in the snug retreat which they had found. The air was so cool that the fire was quite agree-

able. Juno spread out a table near the front window, and placed books and writing materials upon it, so that Georgie could read, or commence a letter to his mother, as he might prefer. Mrs Tollman soon set another table for supper, nearer the fire, and when the time arrived she brought and placed upon it an excellent supper, which the two travellers ate with the best of appetites.

The clouds broke away at last, and the sun came out bright before it went down, but it was too wet to go out. Little rivulets were running everywhere down toward the bed of the stream, but the stream itself did not appear to rise much. The reason was, that from the windows of the house only that part of it which was below the dam could be seen ; and all the water that came down from above was intercepted by the dam, and retained in the mill-pond.

Our travellers spent the evening in reading and writing, and when bed-time came, Mrs Tollman conducted them to two pretty little rooms in the attic. The rooms were side by side, and they were connected by a door which opened between them.

There was only one window for the two rooms—the partition between coming to the middle of the window, so that the rooms divided the window between them. Juno gave Georgie his choice of the rooms. In one of them the bed was wider

than in the other. Georgie at once chose the one which had the narrowest bed.

Juno was a little surprised at this choice. At first she supposed it was because Georgie had the generosity to give her the widest bed. She asked him if that was the reason. He frankly admitted that it was not. He chose the narrowest bed, he said, because there was a chair at the head of it, for Juno to sit in and tell him a story, before he went to sleep.

‘Well,’ said Juno, ‘I don’t know but that I like that just as well. I believe I am as much pleased to have you like to hear me talk to you and tell you stories, as I should be to have you wish me to have a comfortable bed. Besides, either bed is wide enough for anybody.’

So Juno left Georgie to undress himself, while she went into her own room. He was to knock on the partition when he was ready, and then immediately to get into bed. She was to wait to give him time for this, and then she was to come in.

All this was done. In due time Juno heard the knock, and after a proper delay went into the room, but Georgie was nowhere to be seen. The truth was that he had hid himself under the bed-clothes. Juno pretended to wonder where he could be. She turned down the bed-clothes a little way, —taking care, however, not to turn them down far enough to come to his head,—and she felt all about

the bed, pressing her hand upon the coverlid here and there, but taking care not to touch the place where Georgie was lying. She talked to herself aloud all the time, wondering where he could be. Then she went all about the room, looking in vain in all the corners and behind the bureau. At length she came back to the bed, and after feeling about a little more, made the discovery where he was; and turning down the clothes, she brought his head into view, when the play ended in frolic and laughter.

It must not be supposed that in this play Juno deceived Georgie by making him think she could not find him, when she knew all the time where he was. It was a piece of *acting*, not of deception, and none the less amusing to Georgie from the fact that he understood that Juno was acting all the time.

After the frolic was over, Juno sat down in the chair at the head of the bed and began telling a story. After she had finished the story, which was not very long, she began to give him some advice about what he should do when he was a man. Georgie liked very much to hear such advice as this, partly because it was agreeable to his imagination to picture himself as a man, and perhaps more especially because, as the advice related to his conduct at a time quite in the future, it did not—as advice usually, or at least often, does—convey to

his mind any half-concealed or implied reproof or fault-finding.

Juno made her conversation more and more serious as she drew toward the close of it, and then after hearing Georgie say his prayers she bade him good night, and taking the candle, went to her own room. In five minutes Georgie was fast asleep.

He was awakened after the lapse of a certain time, he did not know how long, by a tremendous clap of thunder, and on coming to himself he found that the rain was pouring in torrents upon the roof directly over his head. He was quite alarmed, and it was some minutes before he could remember where he was. When at length he came fully to himself he had a great desire to call Juno, and while he was hesitating whether he should do so or not, she called to him,

‘Georgie,’ said she, ‘are you awake?’

‘Yes,’ replied Georgie, ‘and I wish you would come here.’

Juno got out of her bed immediately and came. She sat down in the chair at the head of his bed, and put her arm over him; when just at that moment there came a dazzling flash of light through the windows, followed by another dreadful peal of thunder.

‘How it thunders and lightens!’ said Georgie.

‘Yes,’ said Juno, quietly. ‘There has another shower come up. I rather think that Mr Tollman

will get his pond full, and if he does, we can go to-morrow and see him saw his big logs.'

Then came another flash, and another peal of thunder.

'I wish it would not thunder and lighten so,' said Georgie. 'It frightens me terribly.'

'It frightens me some, too,' said Juno. 'But then we must be as quiet and calm as we can. We must remember that God rules in the thunder as well as in everything else, and we must be submissive to His will.'

'Do you think there is any danger?'

'Oh, yes,' replied Juno. 'There is always some danger in such a storm.'

'And suppose this house should be struck,' said Georgie. 'We might be killed.'

'Yes,' said Juno. 'But we must be willing that God should do what He thinks best. When we pray to God to take care of us, and hope that He hears our prayer, we do not mean that we are sure that He will save us from sickness or death, but only that He will do what is best for us. We can have no submission unless that is our feeling. There is no submission to the will of God in believing that He will certainly do what we wish Him to do. The spirit of submission leads us to be willing that He should do *what He thinks best*, whether it is what we like or not. So when we are in danger we must not try to make ourselves

calm and quiet by believing that God will certainly save us, but by believing that whether He saves us or not He will do what is for the best,'

'But I can't help being frightened,' said Georgie, 'when it thunders so loud and near.'

'Neither can I,' said Juno, 'nor can anybody, I suppose. And there is no harm in that. It is an instinct that is natural to us, and we cannot overcome it entirely. But if we truly believe that whatever God decides to do will be for the best, and are cordially willing that he should do what He thinks is best, it will help us overcome the fear more than anything else.'

During all the time that this conversation had been going on, the flashes of lightning and the peals of thunder had continued, but Georgie's mind had been considerably calmed, partly by the sympathetic influence over his mind exerted by Juno's calmness and quietude of spirit, and partly through the effect produced by her counsel and advice. She, on her part, having thus fully expressed her views of the Christian's duty in time of danger, began to lead Georgie's mind gently away from the subject, by turning his thoughts in other directions. She talked with him about going to see the mills on the following day, and about the water which would rush out into the bed of the river below the dam, under the great water-wheel, when the gate should be opened, and other such things. The

violence of the storm soon began to abate—the lightning growing less vivid, and the thunder sounding less loud and near as the cloud passed away to the eastward. Still Juno went on talking to Georgie to occupy his mind, until at length, observing that he had been silent and motionless for several minutes, she looked at him and found that he was asleep. So she took the candle, and crept noiselessly back to her own room and went to bed again. Showers, attended by thunder and lightning, continued to come and go all night, but Georgie slept soundly till morning.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.



UNO and Georgie were so much pleased with their accommodations at Tollman's Mills, and with the picturesque scenery, and the various objects of interest which attracted their attention in and around the mills, that they remained there several days. They found on the morning after the showers that the mill-pond was entirely full, and the mills were both busily at work. The mill-pond formed, when it was full, quite a pretty little lake, which spread through a narrow and winding and very picturesque valley, extending for more than a mile. They took a boat one day and explored this little lake in every part, and had a charming excursion. Mr Tollman sent one of his men to go with them and paddle the boat, which was of the kind that the millmen call a canoe.

They also went several times into the mills and saw the process of sawing up the big logs into

boards, and of cutting out shingles and clap-boards, and of grinding wheat and corn.

Georgie had a great desire to see the very beginning of the river, as he called it. Mr Tollman told him that it had no one beginning, but that it was formed, above the pond, of a number of small brooks and streams coming down from different valleys, and that these several branches began in various springs, and swamps, and small ponds, among the mountains. Juno concluded, however, to take him to one of the principal of these sources, and so after receiving the proper directions from Mr Tollman, they took their wagon and set out one morning to make the excursion.

They were gone nearly all day, and had a very pleasant time. They went about six miles from the mills, following one of the branches of the stream which Mr Tollman had indicated to them. The stream gradually dwindled away as they ascended it, and the way grew rougher and more solitary, until at last they came to the end of the road. There was a log-house with one room, which had just been built, standing in a field full of stumps near by ; but Juno and Georgie did not go to it to see if anybody was there. They got out of the wagon and tied the horse, however, and then went through a pair of bars into a piece of wild pasture-land, where they saw that the brook which

they had been following came tumbling down over moss-covered stones in the bed of a little ravine. After ascending a little way, they came to a place where the water which formed the brook came out of the ground from a number of springs that were to be seen under the foot of a steep declivity. The ground was so wet and swampy that they could not get very near any of the springs; but Georgie saw entirely to his satisfaction how it was, as he expressed it, that rivers began.

‘And I should think,’ said Georgie, ‘that we had got pretty near the end of the world.’

‘Yes,’ replied Juno, ‘we have certainly got to the end of the habitable world in this direction.’

‘And suppose we were birds,’ said Georgie, ‘and could go farther, what should we find?’

‘We should find woods and mountains,’ said Juno, ‘and solitary valleys, and a great many swamps and ponds, and beginnings of brooks, to grow into other rivers, until finally we should come to the beginning of another world—the world of Canada, where the people would speak French, and everything would be different from what it is here.’

‘And after we had gone through Canada,’ continued Georgie, ‘what then?’

‘Then,’ said Juno, ‘I suppose we should gradually come to a cold region of ice and snow, where

nobody could live, till at last it would become so cold and icy that we could go no farther.'

'Not even if we were birds?' said Georgie.

'Why, yes,' said Juno, 'some birds could go farther; but no bird that has been there has ever come back to tell us what he saw.'

After remaining a short time in this place, Juno and Georgie went down the hill again to the bars, and then took their wagon and set out on their return. They arrived at Tollman's Mills that evening in good season, much pleased with their excursion to the 'end of the world,' as Georgie called it.

The next day they set out on their return down the valley, and arrived in due time at the little village where they had taken the horse and wagon. There they engaged passage for the next day in the stage to go down to the railroad station—the last station for them as they came up, but now the first on their return. Their old friend the stage-driver seemed very glad to see them again, and Georgie noticed, with great interest, the place on the river where he had stopped to fish coming up.

He was very glad to see the cars again when he reached the railroad, and enjoyed very much the comfortable seat and gentle motion which that mode of travelling affords, the pleasure being doubled by the contrast which it presented to the jolting

which he had endured in travelling for so many days in an open wagon over the rough country roads.

After this they returned by easy stages home.

THE END.

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